No. 308 (New Series), Vol. 6. February 12, 1938

The PASSING SHOW

2D.

Begin
MY MALAGA ADVENTURE
by SIR PETER CHALMERS-MITCHELL

I needn't cut down smoking

. . . "Either you cut down your smokes," he said, "or else . . ."

And so, my dears, as I didn't like that ominous "or else" I "cut." After all, what is woman without her beauty? I ask you?

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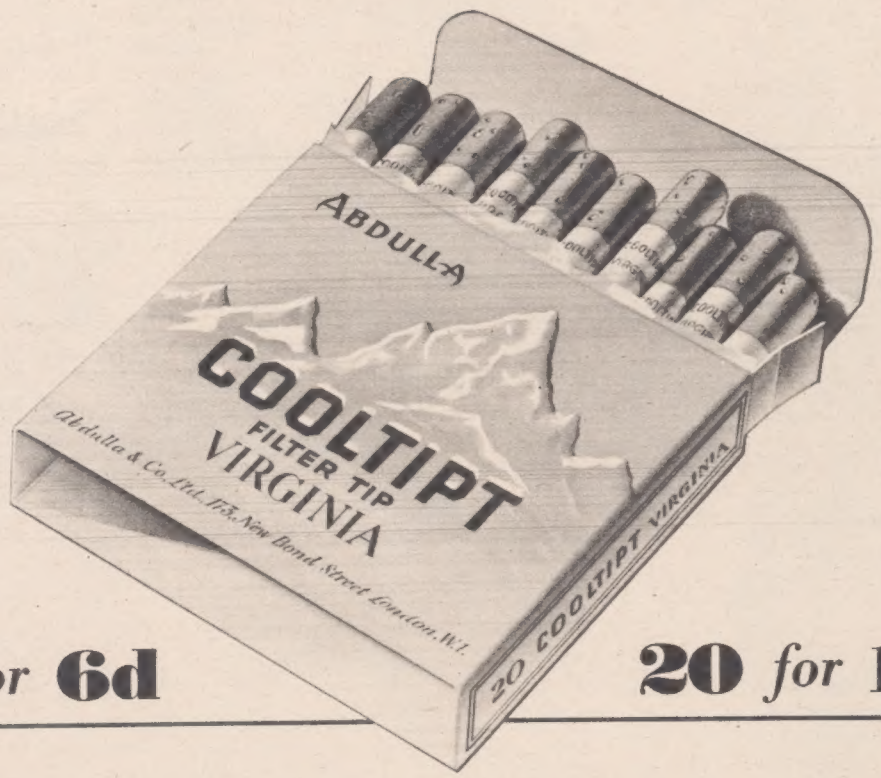
now I smoke 'COOLTIPT'



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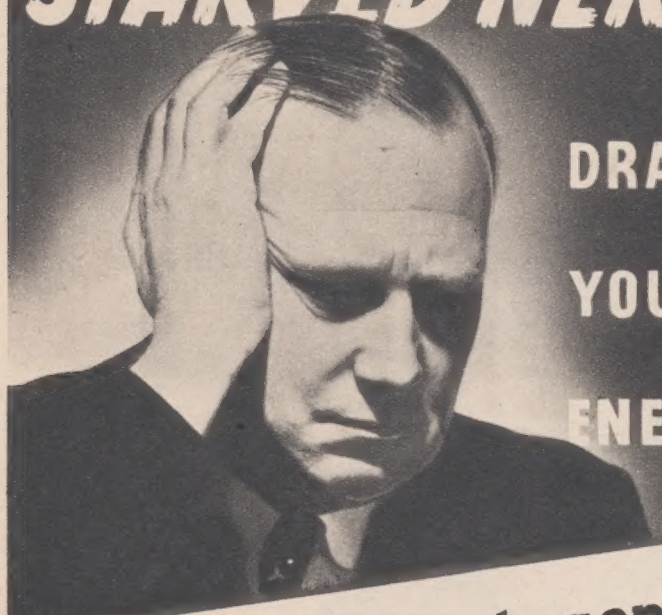

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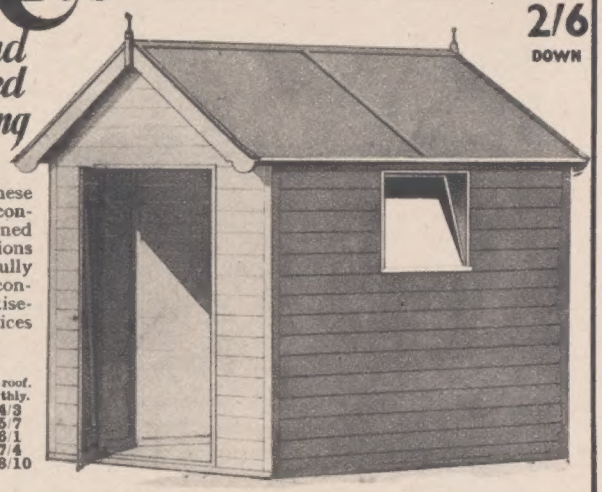

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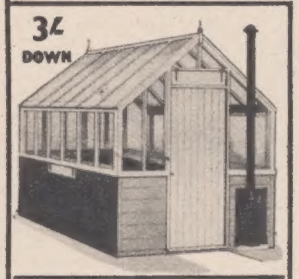

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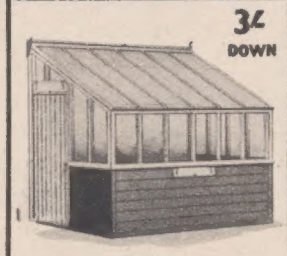

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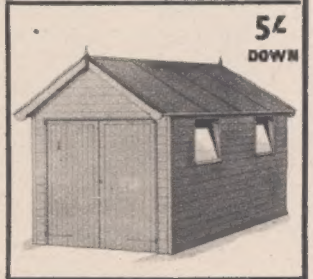

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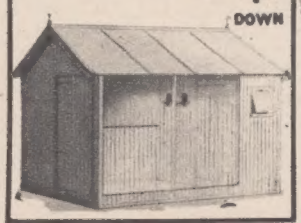

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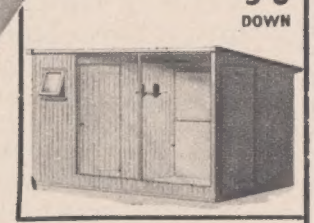

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P 393A

Already some boys had gathered and naturally they sided with Ah-Lei who had the scarlet cloth

WINGS OF THE DRAGON

by

N. L. BABSON

ILLUSTRATED BY LANCE CATTERMOLE

"THREE dried ducks," said Cho-yu," and a string of mushrooms. A small bag of rice. Some ginger root, a red pepper, a handful of garlic. Taro. A dozen salt eggs, and a sack of sweet potatoes. That is what our honourable uncle has given us. And that is all."

"It is enough," his mother cried, seeing with her blind eyes each of the delicacies Cho-yu named and smacking her lips as she thought of the dishes she could make. "I have money in the house besides, for yesterday I sold my cloth. I can buy soy sauce and lard meat and tea. We will have a feast."

"A feast?" Cho-yu repeated. He remembered the wrinkled and leathery face of his mother's uncle and the rasping voice which bade them use this food with care.

"To you I speak," the uncle said, in the provincial dialect Cho-yu had learned from his mother. "For you are a man and should have some common sense."

Females of course, had little or none, the uncle sighed, and his muttered scolding implied that his niece had only herself to blame because her parents had married her to one in this city, far from home, because her husband had died and, also, because she had lost her eyesight. Cho-yu listened to none of this, but he kept in his mind the surprising words, "you are a man," and now, when his uncle had left and his mother spoke of feasting, he said with unaccustomed caution. "Ah-ma, here is provision for a fortnight, if we eat sparingly."

His mother did not listen. "I will invite Foo-Wing, the locksmith's wife," she said. "She gave me a bowl of cold rice one day and muttered of beggars while I ate. I will have Sun-chi, who has dared to doubt that our kinsman is rich enough to bring us gifts of food. I will ask the Old One who mends your clothing, for I have long wished to show her kindness; and I will have the lame sister of the peanut peddler and also the wife of the cobbler, who will let her slave girl clean the floor and tend the fire in return for a good meal. It is you, Cho-yu, who must speak the words of invitation; it is you who must borrow a few bowls from Ma-chen's rice shop—cracked ones, if he will lend no others."

"And it is I, moreover, who will eat my share, since this is the way it is to be," Cho-yu said, philosophically.

So it was that he left his mother's house in the afternoon of the following day, replete with food and lazily content with all the world.

As he came from his narrow alley on to the wide *ma-lo*, he heard above him the song of the machines that fly like birds, and looking up, he saw the *fei-kei* sweep with silver wings in the hot blue sky above the city. Others besides himself stood still to watch them, and the shadow that darkened men's faces in these days was lifted for a moment. There was a great trouble far in the north, and no one knew when the enemy, those they called the Little Men, would send their armies southward, but it was understood that in some mysterious way the planes protected the city. So men watched for a moment and with lighter hearts went on their way again, but Cho-yu stared with dazzled eyes until the last plane wheeled in the bright light, drifted downward, and vanished from his sight.

The next instant he, too, was brought suddenly back to earth, by a push against his shoulders, a foot that slipped between his own bare feet to trip him. He dodged and shifted, keeping his balance with automatic agility, and turned with half-raised arm to offer blow for blow, but he found behind him only the grinning face of a friend.

"Ho, dreamer! With your nose turned up to the skies!"

"It is you, then, Ah-Lei? What are you up to?"

"I have something to show you," the other replied, and from beneath his jacket he brought a length of scarlet cloth. "What do you think of this?"

"Stolen, I warrant," Cho-yu said, enviously.

"Not stolen," Ah-Lei corrected. "Borrowed, merely, from the roof of Wing-kui, the dyer. I plan to make a mask and practice for the dragon dance, and if you wish to be the tail——" He broke off vaguely, not choosing to make the offer more definite.

Cho-yu dropped his eyes to hide a gleam of pleasure given him by the sight of the red cloth and the thought of parading gaily through the streets in the dragon dance. It would be fun, and there might be pennies in it. "If you need a partner," he said, carelessly, "I am not unwilling to join you. However, being a good inch the taller, it is I who must be the head."

"You!" cried Ah-Lei. "But who thought of the game? And whose cloth is it, I should like to know?"

"By your own telling, it is the dyer's," Cho-yu retorted.

"I can find others glad enough to join me,."

The statement was plainly true. Already boys had gathered and naturally they sided with Ah-Lei, who had the scarlet cloth, whose father, moreover, owned a fruit stall where spoils in the shape of half-rotted bananas and squashed persimmons could sometimes be obtained. Cho-yu saw at once that the game was lost.

"Pooh!" he snorted. "I only joked. I would not join your crowd at any price. Let me tell you that you will resemble a red-bellied spider rather than a dragon. Let me tell you that when I do the dance I shall have a real mask, and a silken tail with scales upon it. Four feet around, the head shall be, with eyes as big as my fists, a wide mouth and a tongue that waggles—thus!"

"Ho-ho," the others laughed. "Listen to Sinshaan Big-Talk."

"Masks like that cost a dollar or more, and when

(*please turn over*)

did Cho-yu ever have as much as a copper to spend?"

"He is hungry half the time."

"He is ragged always."

"And his mother is blind."

A girl had joined the circle of tormentors. She was Brown Robin, daughter of Ma-chen, who kept the corner rice shop, and she wore the dark skirt and neat white blouse of a schoolgirl. Her round face was framed by braids as plump and sleek as sausages and, without speaking, she listened to the quarrel, but Cho-yu could see that she admired Ah-Lei with his red banner. For some reason, her pert glance was harder to meet than all the gibes of the others and he cried out:

"To-night I will return with money. To-morrow I will buy the dragon head."

"And we'll buy firecrackers to feed the beast!"

Their laughter was in his ears as he went swiftly down the street and he did not notice one who moved from the fringe of the crowd and followed him, but when they were well away from that place, a voice came softly over Cho-yu's shoulder:

"You wish to earn money, my friend?"

Cho-yu turned. "I might," he said, warily, "and I might not."

The one who had spoken to him was a youth in early manhood. He wore the white cotton *foos* and jacket of an office worker and tossed a silver cartwheel in his hand. "A dollar," he said, as it flashed in the sun, then vanished behind long fingers with pointed, dirty nails.

"And what thing must be done?" Cho-yu inquired.

He had lived too long in the streets to believe that dollars were easily come by and he said to himself that this might well be a matter of theft, and probably he would be wise to run away at once.

"Well?" he said.

The long-fingered one had put his money away, snapping it into a leather purse which was fastened at his belt. "It is not I who will pay you," he said, "but I can take you to one who has coins to throw away, it seems. Follow me, if you will, but not too closely."

They went to the great post office on the Bund. Cho-yu knew this place of old and had sometimes considered the marvel it must be to send or receive a letter. Old Sun-chi, who lived two doors from his mother's house, owned one which was said to have come across the sea from America, but Cho-yu had seen the thing and he had too much sense to believe that a flimsy sheet of paper could have travelled so far without mishap. As they reached the long, wide flight of steps, he saw his guide make a sign to two men who loitered there, and they moved forward idly. They came abreast of him, and passed; words were spoken into the air:

"Here is your messenger in the ragged coat. Wise enough, but not too wise; and he comes from a distant neighbourhood."

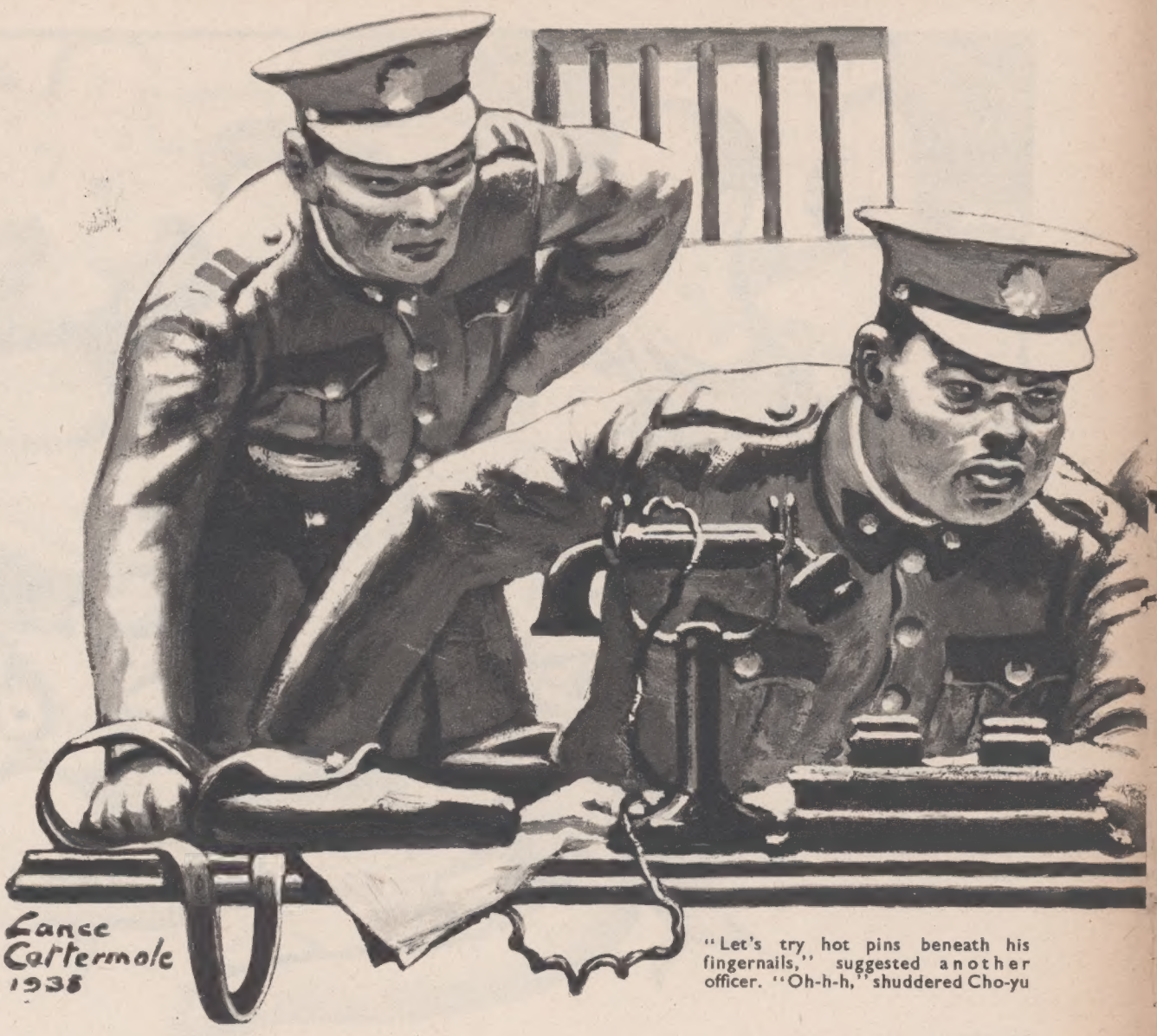
The speaker vanished so suddenly, it seemed to Cho-yu that the earth had opened her mouth for him, and he was left alone with the two strangers. One of these was short and broad, with flat features and a dismally worried expression on his round countenance; the other was tall and bony; his face was abnormally long and his lips turned downward even when he smiled, giving him a look both cruel and crafty. "Sinshaan Frog and Sinshaan Snake," thought Cho-yu, while he waited to see what they wished of him. It was the tall man who spoke first, in the voice of one well used to giving orders.

"Here, boy, I have an errand——"

"Wait!" said the other. He gestured Cho-yu away, caught his companion by the elbow and turned him towards a shop window, where they stood in apparent contemplation of American alarm clocks and began to converse in the dialect of a distant province. How should they have known that no more than two days ago Cho-yu had been using this same speech in talk with his mother's uncle? He squatted comfortably on his heels to wait and listened without great interest. The sun shone pleasantly on his back and he might as well be here as anywhere.

"It is foolhardy and most unethical," sighed he of the worried face. "Our country is at war, and in such times——"

"In such times, a wise man prepares for the future," the Snake replied. "We have parents, is it not so? Wives and children, have we not? It is of them I think and not of a government unable to govern, not of battles lost before they are well begun.



"Let's try hot pins beneath his fingernails," suggested another officer. "Oh-h-h," shuddered Cho-yu

"Moreover, I am a humble man," he said, with his queer inverted smile. "I am not vain enough to think that a person of such limitless unimportance as myself can have any effect on the outcome of this struggle. Surely the war will not be won if I merely hold my tongue? And in such circumstances, is it not logical to part with a few words at a thousand dollars apiece?"

"If it should turn out to be a few words and your own head, the bargain is dear enough," the other answered.

"My head, honoured brother? But why should I be suspected? I have no trusted official position. I am not private secretary to a man close to the military governor——" Again he smiled, while at each word he spoke his brother seemed to shrivel to smaller size.

"But I told you in all innocence!" he cried.

"The Snake," said Cho-yu to himself, "is wrapping his coils around the Frog."

"I have left no trail," the Snake went on. "Lee Young finds my messengers in the streets, each time from a different part of the city and he himself does not know why I want these ragamuffins, nor where I send them. And to-day, it is finished. This lad here will go to a certain place, speak a few meaningless words, as I instruct him. That is all. To-morrow he will have forgotten all about it. And to-morrow, many miles from here, I shall receive some moneys—in the way of business."

"You trust them to pay you—afterwards?"

"Why not?"

He turned to Cho-yu and spoke again in the city dialect. "This is your errand. Go to the waterside, to the steps near the Eternal Friendship Ferry. There will be one in a grey *shaan*. Four fingers he has on the right hand and the thumb is missing. Say to him, 'A penny, master, for ferry fare.' He will reply, 'Stay on this side of the river.' Thereupon you say, 'Six birds sleep in the nest to-night, and the word is sorrow.' Do you understand?"

"I understand," said Cho-yu. "But the money? The one who brought me here, promised a dollar."

"You would be well paid with a tenth of it."

But his brother nudged him, whispering of haste and the tall man paid, without further argument. Truly, thought Cho-yu, the touch of his fingers was cold like the touch of a snake and when he whispered. "You will not fail," the soft words were more frightening than the fiercest threats. Cho-yu shivered and went stiffly toward his rendezvous, like a dog that lifts its hair and sniffs at danger, but he did not yet understand why terror should be confused with this nonsensical message.

When he reached the ferry landing he thought it empty for a moment, so well did the small grey man who waited there, blend with the weathered greyness of the boards he leaned against.

He stood with his eyes on the river, as if to watch for a boat, and rested a thumbless hand on the railing. Cho-yu moved closer and wet his lips with his tongue.

"A penny, master, for ferry fare."

"Stay on this side of the river."

The man had spoken without looking at him and Cho-yu's breath came hot and dry again.

"Six birds sleep in the nest to-night," he whispered. "The word is sorrow."

"Six in the nest—sorrow?" Eyes like black pebbles opened wide and a penny flipped through the air. Cho-yu did not receive it. The man was dressed like a Chinese and his dialect was flawless; nevertheless, in that moment of eagerness, his disguise had failed him. Cho-yu recognised an alien and, without stopping to think, he cried aloud:

"Wai! Come quickly! This one is a ——"

Cho-yu felt strong fingers on his wrists, his feet slid away from him, and he was falling, falling into the water beneath the landing. It was dark and cold and choking and he went down for endless, immeasurable time; rose through blackness into silvery bubbles, caught a glimpse of the far-off blue sky, drew air into his smothering chest and sank again. And all the time he saw the stranger's face with its black jade eyes and heard the sibilant voice repeat his words. He had spoken to the enemy, to one of the Little Men. He had given him a message of importance. Understanding burst like a rocket in his aching head, a rocket that opened fanwise, showing pictures of the long-fingered one, the Snake, the Frog, the grey-clad spy. . . . And over and around them all, like a tiny flying frame, went the planes that protected the city.

When Cho-yu came up for the second time, his fingers found support. There was an oar stretched toward him from a sampan a few feet away, held by an old man who hastily averted his eyes lest they should behold the drowning one.

"I am not looking at you," he shouted. "If you climb out of the water while my eyes are turned away, how can I help it?

"Hurry, hurry," he added in softer tones. "Reach your hand to the landing. You can make it. Hasten away from here before the river gods see that I am cheating them."

A moment later Cho-yu stood, dripping and shivering on the steps. People looked at him idly and passed on, for a small boy climbing out of the river was no great curiosity. The thumbless man had disappeared and Cho-yu found a sunny place where he could sit down. He rested his head on his wet knees and tried to think.

After all, he was not quite a child. Not wholly a fool, though they had taken him for one. "Wise," Lee Young had said, "but not too wise." One who will do your bidding without understanding it, he meant. And so it might have been, but now Cho-yu knew all too well the meaning of the message he had carried. Nevertheless, he was guiltless in the matter and need not wonder what would happen next, for it was none of his affair. He had earned his dollar and, as soon as the sun had dried his clothing, he could buy a splendid dragon mask and return home in triumph. Even as they had known that he would do.

"Six birds sleep in the nest to-night, and the word is sorrow." How easy now to know that the birds were the aeroplanes, that news of them had been sold to the enemy and that some treacherous thing was planned for the hours of darkness. With his own lips he had spoken the password, and had said that six planes would rest to-night in the walled place outside the city. Patriotism was a word he had not heard and treason was a notion vaguely comprehended; but he had seen the silver war birds flying above the city and it was he, Cho-yu, whom the Little Man had tried to drown in the river. So at length he got slowly to his feet and set out in a direction which did not take him home.

It was dusk when he reached the airport. Behind him, the roofs of the city were black shadows against a reddened sky and before him rose high, unfriendly walls and a gate guarded by soldiers who held guns with sharp spikes right in front of their noses. They stared at each other and did not look at Cho-yu, yet they saw him and, suddenly, with their eyes, he saw himself, a dusty, ragged, suspicious figure, who had no business being there. Lord of the Sky, what a fool he had been to come!

He turned for headlong flight and stumbled against a rickshaw which had approached unheard in the soft dirt road. A wheel passed over his toes and he fell sprawling.

"Are you hurt?" the man in the *chetsai* asked courteously.

This soldier was very different from the two men at the gate. His uniform was soft and clean; his leather belt and boots were bright as glass; there were silver wings on the breast of his tunic and the hand which tossed a coin to the rickshaw runner was slender and well-kept. Cho-yu blinked up at him, swallowed a great lump of fear in his throat and whispered, "The word is sorrow."

"Well, are you going to speak?"

They had tied his wrists with rope and had taken him into a small room with high, barred windows. For many minutes they had been asking questions he could not answer, demanding names he did not know and frightening him till he had not wits enough to tell them the little it was in his power to disclose. He did not dare to talk, for plainly they would never believe that he had come innocently by his knowledge.

"If you cannot use your tongue, we will pull it out by the roots," the fat captain barked suddenly.

"Let's try hot pins beneath his fingernails," suggested another officer, with thin lips and a sallow, pock-marked face.

"Oh-h-h," shuddered Cho-yu. "Let me go home. I know nothing and my mother is blind and has need of me."

Then he heard again the gentle voice of the rickshaw passenger, "If my honourable brother officers will allow me to say so, they are acting the part of honourable fools. Soon we will have a gibbering idiot here, who can tell us nothing. After all, it was I who found the lad and now I beg of you to let me try my way. Untie his wrists, send us hot tea and watermelon seeds, and a plate of fruit; and leave us here alone."

"Lieutenant Pan is too gullible and too soft-hearted. He will swallow any tale the young rascal chooses to tell," the captain said.

"I will swallow nothing," Lieutenant Pan assured him, courteously. "I will—ah—spit it out and let you all have a look."

So they were left together and it grew quiet in the room. Fruit and tea appeared before Cho-yu, but he sat with downcast eyes and dared not eat.

"It appears to me," Lieutenant Pan remarked, "that if a person has twelve years of age or thereabouts, he is somewhat old for weeping."

Cho-yu winked wet eyes. "If there are tears, they come because this tea is overhot," he said, and to prove that his words were true, began to gulp the steaming liquid while the other spoke again.

"You live within the city?"

"Without mistake. In the Li-lin Alley."

"Ah. That is near the Kwai Canal?"

"Not so. Near the Wai Big-Road. Do you not know Ma-chen's rice shop?" asked Cho-yu.

The lieutenant admitted that he did not know. "Try one of these miserable bananas," he said, "and tell me of your mother. She is blind?"

"She is a blind weaver of cloth."

"Surely there must be work for you at home. Yet we found you far away."

"It was because of the dragon dance," Cho-yu replied. "Ah-Lei had the red cloth, and he said I could be the tail, but I said the head and the others laughed. Then I swore that I would have a real mask, a dragon's head four feet around and they laughed again, but there was one who said, 'Do you wish money?'"

The soldier did not interrupt him. He sipped his tea, cracked melon seeds with white, even teeth, nodded his head at intervals and pushed fruit towards Cho-yu, who went on talking whether his mouth were full or empty. He had taken courage, and the words came easily; he remembered everything. He told of the man with the pointed fingernails, of the one whom he had named Sinshaan Snake and of his brother who was short and squat, with flat features and a wide frog's mouth.

"Excellent. Excellent," murmured Lieutenant Pan. "Your eyes are sharp, friend and I think these brothers will not be hard to find. And then?"

"Then I went to the Eternal Friendship Landing——"

So he came to the end of his story and the dregs of his bowl of tea. He filled his hand with melon seeds and rose from the table. "Now, if you please, I will go home."

But he was not yet free. "We must keep our promise," Lieutenant Pan reminded him. "We must tell the story once more for the ears of my brother officers."

Cho-yu found that he no longer feared these ogres. They listened to his words with gratifying interest and put their questions as from one man to

(*please turn to page* 31)

Britishers are surprised when told that Moscow-dwellers have a night out, dining and dancing every now and then. Those of a radical turn even view this with alarm. "Not being one of those who believe that a better world will necessarily be one in which dancing and dining are taboo," says Lars Moën, "I am unable to share the anxiety over the fact that a constantly increasing number of Russians are affording their 'night in town'." In this third series of articles on the new Russia he tells you something about Moscow after dark

PAINTING MOSCOW RED

BY LARS MOËN

Cinema-technician and journalist who has worked in Moscow for the past five years

ANY description of Moscow night life must, of course, commence with the Hotel Metropole. It is a large, ornate building on Theatre Square, diagonally across from the big opera house. It was built in the last century. Although reputedly designed by an American architect, it is in the worst period of Russian rococo, decorated in such bad taste that its ugliness is fascinating.

On one facade are enormous mosaics executed by a famous painter, which were never paid for, it is said, because the proprietor did not like them and the artist refused to make alterations.

The last private owner of the Metropole won this vast property in one night in a game of *chemin de fer* —and lost it in one night in a revolution! There was sharp fighting on Theatre Square when the Tsarist régime was overturned, and the Metropole was somewhat damaged. For several years it was used only as a military headquarters, for Government and party offices and the like.

Then it was repaired and renovated, and to-day is operated by Intourist, the State tourist agency. Many a foreigner spends a few days there, eats his meals in the dining-room and never suspects that there is another side to the Metropole. Its role in the nocturnal life of Moscow!

The big night is that before the Free Day, which is the Soviet equivalent of our Saturday night. And wherever one may start that night out, it is highly probable that it will finish at the Metropole. Not too early, for the band does not start playing before midnight and the place will be almost empty until near that time.

Walking into the main dining-room is not unlike entering the train-shed of Waterloo Station. Four stories high, and topped by an ornamental glass roof, the place is enormous, yet those who built it managed to crowd some bit of superfluous decoration into every square foot of it. Marble, mosaics, paintings, bas-reliefs; more marble, bronze, gilt and yet more marble, compose a monument to the artistic taste of the Russian merchants and commercial travellers for whom the hotel was originally built.

If the room were a bit less baroque it would be unbearable. As it is, it is so fantastically overdone that it has the fascination of a supremely ugly woman, loaded down with flashy jewels and "dressed to the nines."

In the centre of the room is a fountain, the basin of which is stocked with live fish—edible, not decorative. Around the fountain is a narrow strip of floor space reserved for dancing.

At the two ends of the room are entrances, one leading to the street, and the other to the hotel lobby. At one side is a huge door leading to more dining-rooms, formerly reserved for banquets, but now used to accommodate the overflow on busy nights. A balcony opens on to more dining-rooms.

On the fourth side a large doorway connects with the bar, the best in Moscow and the most attractive feature of the Metropole. The atmosphere of the room, in sharp contrast to the rest, suggests an English tavern in its sombre, comfortable simplicity. In addition to the long bar, with high stools, there are a few tables, with divans and big armchairs. The lighting is restful and the room is sufficiently removed from the music to make conversation possible at a normal level. Charlie, the barman, and the pleasant-faced, middle-aged woman who alternates with him, are both survivors of the pre-war Metropole.

A few years ago, the bar accepted only foreign currency and the drinks were mainly foreign. Now, the spirits, wines and liquors dispensed are almost exclusively Soviet.

The best drink at the Metropole bar, however, known as a "Cold Punch," is made of lemon juice, Cointreau, grenadine, sugar, fruit, ice, a dash of mineral water and considerably more than a dash of vodka, though you can't taste it. While drinking it, you could easily imagine it to be a harmless lemonade but you soon discover your mistake!

While on the subject, a few words should be said about the technique, or ritual, of drinking vodka in the authentic Russian manner. (After all, even if this should be read by the children, there is little danger of any vodka falling into their hands—and if it should, it would probably make them teetotallers to the end of their days.)

Vodka is a clear, colourless liquid, looking deceptively like water. As a matter of fact, a good grade of vodka *has* got 44 per cent. of water in it—but the other 56 per cent. is pure alcohol! As it is about half again as strong as whisky, you will understand why I speak of a special technique in drinking it, which is complicated to describe but simple in practice.

First of all, never drink vodka without eating largely. Even if a Russian has just dined, he eats again when he drinks vodka. So, assuming that you have poured out a small wineglass of the pale fluid (you can try the bigger glasses after a bit more practice!) the first step is to have a forkful of food ready to pop into your mouth.

Salt herring with sliced onions is the usual choice. Then you pick up the glass, draw a deep breath and hold it, drink the vodka down at a gulp; then, slowly and deliberately exhale through your mouth only, your lips parted very slightly and blowing rather forcibly. Then, before inhaling, pop the forkful of herring into your mouth as quickly as possible—and there you are!

After a month's practice, there won't even be tears in your eyes. The whole trick, you see, is not to let the alcohol fumes get into your nose, else you will choke and splutter like Donald Duck in an indignant moment. Hence the precise instructions regarding inhaling and exhaling.

Vodka is drunk in two sizes, singles and doubles; but if you attend a Russian birthday-party you will probably have to toast your host in a tumbler of it—and you dare not fail to do a "bottoms up!" else you've shown that you "can't take it."

The real Russian "old toper" has another useful trick. He takes a bit of black bread, which has a pleasantly aromatic odour, and sprinkles it with salt. After drinking the vodka, he exhales as described, then places the black bread close to one nostril and then the other, breathing in deeply, then chews it up. This is more effective than merely eating, since the aroma of the black bread really overcomes the effects of alcohol fumes in your nose.

If you wonder what point there is in drinking a beverage, when it is necessary to go through all this ritual to kill the odour and taste—don't ask me! I do know, however, that most Russians consider whisky a vile beverage.

"I suppose," one of them suggested to me, "that Englishmen drink whisky because they can't get vodka!"

While we have been inspecting the bar, the big dining-room has filled up, the orchestra has taken its place on the high platform at one end and the night has begun. The acoustics of the big room are appalling and conversation is impossible near the orchestra. The dance floor is crowded and, since the fountain takes up a considerable portion of it, the dancers move round and round the fountain in a tightly wedged circle, as packed as in a Moscow tram.

At this point, some special mention must be made of the fountain. I have mentioned that the space for dancing around the fountain is extremely limited, with the crowd moving about it in a serried circle.

The inevitable result is that about once a week an absorbed couple get too close to the water's

On the left is shown an old man snuffing a piece of black bread, prior to drinking vodka, and below, male and female students of the Moscow University make merry at a fancy dress ball

edge, encounter interference from another couple trying a too intricate dance step and are pitched into the fountain, to emerge a few moments later, indignant, spluttering and dripping. The band, prepared for such occasions, plays a triumphal chord, such as a circus band would play after a *salto mortale*. Dancing stops and the crowd gathers round. Those who fall in rarely appreciate the humour of it, but the crowd does.

One thing that will attract your attention is the extreme diversity of dress. A few women are in evening dress of modish cut; others are dressed attractively but informally; still others are wearing the same sort of dress they would wear at work. Among the men, you will scarcely ever see a dinner jacket, much less tails, if we except the band. Most of them are in business suits, with a good sprinkling of uniforms and here and there a Russian blouse.

Among these people you will find what one might call "the Metropole crowd," the regular habitués, so often here that it has given rise to the saying: "Moscow has three hundred inhabitants, and you will see them all at the Metropole the night before Free Day."

This "three hundred" consists, to a considerable extent, of professional people—actors, authors, newspaper people, engineers, photographers, aviators, musicians, artists, executives. In other words, much the sort of crowd that would go to a night club anywhere.

Another lot of "old faithfuls" is the group of embassy people and foreign correspondents. They come to the Metropole because there is nothing better—swear each week never to return—and the next week finds them at their regular table.

There will be, especially in the summer, a sprinkling of foreign tourists, buyers and agents; sometimes a great many.

Here and there, provincial visitors, in Moscow on business. Some of them have colourful costumes; an Uzbek from Central Asia, with a brilliant red and green silk caftan and a "tititekh," a little round cap, gaily embroidered; a Cossack in the traditional uniform of his people; a Mongol from the Far East.

The majority of Russians have a considerable talent for dancing, as for music, but I should hardly say that they have as yet fully mastered Western ballroom dancing, one of the main reasons being that their dance bands have little idea of correct *tempo*. However, they get a great deal of fun out of it and I don't know that it really matters.

While on the subject of dancing, there is a little matter of etiquette worth mentioning. If you are sitting with a young lady, it is quite proper and correct for another man, who may be a total stranger to you both, to come up and say to you: "May I ask your lady for this dance?" The polite thing is to give your consent, leaving it to the lady to refuse if she wishes. If the man is obnoxiously drunk, of course, you will probable refuse flatly. But you must be prepared for a fight.

Fisticuffs start rather easily in Russia, thanks mainly to injudicious consumption of vodka, even in a respectable place like the Metropole.

The outstanding source of entertainment at the Metropole, however, is something which I imagine will never be introduced into the west end, though there is little doubt in my mind as to its popularity if it could be.

Soon after midnight, a girl appears in the Metropole dining-room with a huge cluster of brightly coloured balloons, filled with hydrogen. They are in two sizes; about eight and eighteen inches in diameter.

If you are at the Metropole for the first time, you may be puzzled by the fact that the balloons sell like hot cakes, and are likely to conclude that balloons have a curious fascination for the Russian.

Your bewilderment will not stop there, however, for you will notice feverish activity going on at those tables that have acquired balloons, paper being twisted into odd shapes and the string on the balloons being knotted in complicated ways about it.

Then comes a shriek of joy from the table as a match is touched to the paper and the balloon is released. Up it floats gracefully, towards the lofty glass roof, the paper burning closer and closer to the string. Everyone in the room has turned to watch it with bated breath; on all sides are "ohs" and "ahs" cut short by a sudden magnificent explosion and a yellow sheet of flame. The balloon is gone, and only a bit of burnt paper and string comes drifting down gently to fall into someone's cabbage soup.

Speaking from experience, I can say that there is more in this sport than meets the eye. If you use too much paper, the balloon does not lift; too little fuse and it goes off in your hands, which is highly disconcerting, though not dangerous.

Even in expert hands, a certain number are extinguished on their journey aloft, and remain drifting along the roof. On one memorable occasion, shortly before my departure, there were at least twenty balloons of all colours clustered towards one end of the roof. An army engineer at the next table rose to the occasion magnificently.

Buying one big balloon and six smaller ones, he tied them into one cluster, attached a long fuse, lit it and released the lot. The cluster exploded just before it reached the ceiling—the yellow sheet of flame caught the others and there followed a series of explosions so quick that they were virtually simultaneous, as the whole twenty went with a crash like an aerial bombardment. Wild enthusiasm and applause followed.

I wish I could report that this shocking pastime is an example of Russian character only, but I regret to have to state that foreigners present join in the explosive pastime with quite as much zest as the Russians, not excepting staid Embassy people and foreign correspondents.

SHORT SHORT STORY

BY A. R. THOMAS

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD LAMPITT

VILLAIN OF THE PEACE

There was a cat with a dual personality—or was it just cunning?

JUST beyond the village of Llanmadoc, half a mile before the "Major Road Ahead" sign indicates the main road to Brecon, is Red House. It is a red brick and rough-cast building of moderate size, standing in a very large garden, rather like a lone lighthouse in the middle of the ocean. In a district where white-washed cottages and cramped allotments are common, Red House is something of a landmark.

For many years it has been the home of the Miss Pritchards, the two most respectable and respected maiden ladies in the neighbourhood. Both are tall and thin, both wear the style of hairdressing seen on early Victorian pennies, and both take an overwhelming interest in the garden they share. Whenever the sisters visit the village, usually together, and each carrying a straw shopping frail, every shopkeeper puts an extra ounce of deference in his "Yes, indeed, marm."

Through the years, ever since the death of their father, an old family solicitor who had possessed more scruples than shrewdness, Carrie and Alice Pritchard lived together at Red House in comparative comfort and dignified gentility. Not once had they quarrelled. Of course there had been several mild differences of opinion, but there was nothing approaching a serious disagreement until the day the sparrows came to nest in the sycamore tree at the bottom of the long, sloping back garden.

They had often cursed such birds, using faint expletives of the "Drat the creatures" school of swearing, but the sight of a small nest nearly hidden in the foliage of the lower branches of the tree, and five tiny, squeaking young ones, changed anger to anxious consideration for their welfare. The occasions when hordes of sparrows ravished the seed-beds were forgotten.

Kindness to dumb things was a point emphasised in one of the many tracts alternating with family portraits on the walls of the rooms of Red House. They honestly tried to live up to the maxim and, indeed, left a saucer of milk every morning for the streaky yellow cat from the cottage down the road.

The Mitchells, a rough family, where the menfolk strolled around in thick flannel shirts and mufflers, and the women wore untidy caps and were given to gin-and-peppermint, were strongly suspected of neglecting the poor beast. The Mitchell boy, a snub-nosed rascal of twelve with dirty knees, had once broken the potting-shed window, and was generally considered to be Local Nuisance Number One. Altogether, the prim Miss Pritchards had no reason to like the Mitchells, but they fed their cat.

The trouble began one sunny morning when the dew was still sparkling on the grass. Alice was walking slowly down the garden path, armed with a pair of vicious scissors, ready for pruning operations. She held them daintily with two fingers, as one handles a teacup when the minister has come to tea. She came nearer the rose bush beneath the shadow of the sycamore tree. Suddenly, she shrieked like an engine entering a tunnel. Carrie peered round the door, in time to see the scissors disappearing over the wall after the lean, yellow cat.

"The wicked brute was scratching at the nest," said Alice, her eyebrows twitching in her anger. "The ungrateful animal! That settles it. We'll not have to feed the beast. The milk brings it here. If we stop leaving the saucer out, it will stay where it belongs."

Carrie rescued the scissors from a clump of stinging nettles the other side of the wall, and returned with her naturally tight mouth pursed in thought.

"No, Alice, I don't think you're right."

"Oh, indeed. What exactly do you mean?"

"Please consider, Alice. You know the Mitchells don't feed it properly. The cat expects to be fed here—we always have looked after it. If we give it plenty of milk, perhaps even more than before, then it won't be hungry, and it will leave the birds alone."

"Don't be so ridiculous, Carrie! Haven't I just caught the creature up the sycamore, with its claws nearly tearing the poor little things to pieces? And hasn't it just had its milk? No, Carrie, I say we must not tempt it here and then it will stay away."

It was Alice's dogmatic tone more than anything else that aroused Carrie. She launched the counter-attack.

"I can't have that. It's sheer cruelty. The cat'll be starving, and then it's much more likely to eat the birds."

The spark of argument grew into a flame. The sun rose high above the outraged sisters. The atmosphere was uncomfortably warm.

"Carrie," said Alice, a thin stream of perspiration on her face, "please remember I'm several years older than you, and——"

"And well you look it!"

The shaft bit deep. Alice coloured, and walked briskly into the house, leaving Carrie inwardly regretting her hasty speech, but determined never to show it.

Throughout the evening neither sister said a word. In silence Carrie pretended to read a book. Over in the corner Alice wrote a monthly duty letter to a cousin in London. In silence they ascended the winding wooden stairs, each carrying a flickering candle in place of the oil-lamp they usually shared. Two sharp slams echoed as two bedroom doors closed.

Alice was down first in the morning, and fried one egg and one thin slice of bacon in solitude. Carrie, when she entered the kitchen, glanced quickly at the meal prepared, and took the spare frying pan from the store cupboard.

"Two can play at this game," she muttered as she bent over the gas stove.

During breakfast the only sound to disturb the rather electric quiet was a solid, defiant munching.

Carrie placed a saucer of milk on the kitchen step, and went upstairs to make her bed. When she came down, the saucer, neatly washed and dried was standing on the table. The milk was poured into her best teacup. She filled the saucer again, and replaced it on the step. The yellow cat slunk out of the bushes and lapped it. She waited until it had finished, and then took the saucer with a smile of triumph.

Alice, coming from the dining-room, saw the smile, and hurriedly looked the other way.

The tension increased with the passing of the hours. The sisters shared the housework without uttering a word, disregarding each other's presence like nuns in an extra-strict order.

Nerves came near breaking point and if either could have returned to normal life without loss of prestige and damage to pride, they would have done so.

Carrie was arranging flowers in a vase and Alice knitting, when the release came. Suddenly they heard a long, drawn out hissing, screeching, and spitting. Dropping the flowers and the half-finished scarf, they rushed through the doorway.

The yellow cat, back arched, was hissing madly at the foot of the old sycamore tree. Its claws tore at the bark, breaking off tiny splinters. Anger showed in its eyes, green and brilliant, even in the daylight.

Half-way along a lower branch they saw a muddy boot, with thick knotted laces and a bedraggled tab visible at the heel. They pulled and a dirty knee came into view.

"Young Mitchell!"

He sprawled on the ground, kicking like a fallen horse. The two sisters pulled him up and steadied him on his feet.

He stood grinning, a slow, wide smile that was a mixture of impudence and awe. He smoothed his jersey down with grubby hands.

"You wicked boy!" shouted Alice. "Bird-nesting you were."

"Aw, missus, listen——"

"Missus" was a term Alice disliked. That, together with the thought of an urchin robbing the nest, proved too much for her patience. She gave young Mitchell a resounding slap across his ear. Her open palm tingled.

The boy, his mouth agape in astonishment, saw Carrie come near him. Not risking a second blow, he clambered over the wall and ran down the road to the village.

Alice breathed heavily. The yellow cat changed its hissing to a low musical throb, and rubbed against her leg.

The yellow cat curled contentedly on the rug in the dining-room. A saucer, streaked with cream lay in front of it. Its purring was like a dynamo.

"The dear thing," said Alice. "Really, you know, it's saved the little nest by letting us know about that horrid Mitchell boy. Sounding the alarm, I call it."

"It's a lovely cat, Alice, dear. And to think we wronged it so—why we actually quarrelled over it!"

They smiled at each other, as the cat pawed the hem of Carrie's skirt.

"I'll go and make a cup of tea," said Carrie.

Alice stood up. "Let me come and help you."

Arm in arm they marched into the village. As they passed his shop the greengrocer whistled, "Dear old pals—jolly old pals." The butcher came to the door and joined in. News of the reconciliation spread.

Young Mitchell shot a marble with one of his equally grubby friends.

"There's a red ear you've got, Mitchie!"

Young Mitchell spat hard.

"One of the old geezers up at Red House gave me a fat lug. There was our Ginger climbing up the sycamore at the bottom of their garden. 'E was after a nest with a lot of young 'uns in—no eggs though. So I shinnied up the tree and threw 'im down, just as 'e got 'is paws on the nest. 'E didn't 'alf kick up a row! Before I knew what was 'appening out came the two old geezers. They yelled blue murder, and one of 'em gave me a clip across the lug. I 'ad to run like smoke."

He rubbed his ear reflectively, then, with a grin, flicked his marble along the gutter.

The reporters took a deep breath and searched for their note-books. "What is your conception of the novel?" inquired one. "Dark green cover, top end of the pages in red, title in gold, author's name in black," answered Gladys, instantaneously

EXPERIMENT WITH SUCCESS

When he decided to measure the height of his success in inches, Mr. Beck didn't realise that it would be safer to play with a buzz-saw

BY W. A. SWEENEY

ILLUSTRATED BY TREYER EVANS

IN these days of Hollywood and so forth, it is perhaps difficult to understand the existence of a successful author who was so medieval as not to employ even a secretary. Yet, John Beck was what is called a successful writer, he had never gone to Hollywood and, at the age of forty-five, he still employed a pen to write and a typist, an ordinary little typist, who called to take away his work in the evening and brought it back in the morning. Not much of the Hollywood business and the Beverly Hills building enterprise about that! He was one of those writers who really know their job but who do it without swimming-pools and sculpture in the back yard.

Many years before he took the decision (of which I am going to tell you) he had been hailed as a great novelist; his publishers produced his books automatically and asked for them more frequently than he wrote them. He had, for years, his admirers; solid, sound critics, and his place was established. But yet, with the passing of time and friends, a certain doubt crept into his mind. Were the customary, adulatory press notices not just a kind of habit with the critics? The greatest critic of a real writer is *himself*, and here the doubt had wormed its way in. Was he really as good as he used to be? He had often felt a little tired, though he had always written the best in him. He felt, sometimes, that he was a little old-fashioned; perhaps (deadly thought!) out of date. But could a really good writer ever be out of date? His works still sold—not as they used to, but pretty well—but were not even his sales a matter of habit acquired by the public when he was young?

There was only one way to test this, and as the idea came to him he smiled.

At ten o'clock on a certain morning, Gladys Beamish, his typist, entered his bachelor dwelling with a bulky package of MS. Gladys was the daughter of parents who kept one of the finest ham-and-beef shops in London and she was not ashamed of it.

"I have finished *Youth in the Saddle*, Mr. Beck," she announced, rather breathlessly. She was about twenty-two or three, self-possessed, healthy, brisk, lip-sticked, pretty, though not beautiful, daintily tricked out by a multitude of economic miracles and mysteries common to her kind, and John Beck liked her tremendously.

"Good, Miss Beamish. You—er—kept an eye on the spelling of 'siege' and 'deceive' and so on?" he said gently.

"Certainly; e i every time," she retorted. "You won't find a mistake in it, Mr. Beck."

Beck smiled, picked up and opened the MS., neatly bound in a dark brown cover.

"You've forgotten to sign it, Miss Beamish," he said.

"I *have* signed it," she said, darting over. "There!" she pointed.

"With *my* name, but not with yours."

Gladys looked at him. "With *my* name, did you say?"

"Precisely, with your name. Take mine out and sign your name."

She perceived that he was quite serious, and her first thought was, "He's gone batty."

"Why *my* name, Mr. Beck?" she demanded, then.

"Because I wish to give you this manuscript. Make you a present of it." He smiled at her. "I want you to sign your name to it. It is yours—by deed of gift."

"But why, Mr. Beck?"

"Because, Miss Beamish"—Beck was still smiling gently—"I have my reasons. If you see no objection, I wish you to take the—shall we say—blame for this story. I want you to announce to the world that it's your work, entirely unaided. Take it even to my publishers and, if they ask you questions about how you managed to write with such maturity of thought and style, give them the answer they have heard, in similar circumstances, since the first novel was printed—that it just came to you, you know not how. It is the classic reply. It's what they expect. They'd be disappointed if you said anything else. Their eyes will gleam with satisfaction, possibly with tears, and they will mutter things in their beards about 'precocious genius' and 'unconscious talent,' about which you need not bother for the moment."

"But supposing they start talking to me? They'll see at once I'm a fraud," demanded the bewildered Gladys.

"You're entirely mistaken," said Beck. "I know them. They will mutter again among themselves about the difference between your proper personality and entity and the demon that inhabits you——"

"What demon?" She placed her hand on her hip.

"When you put pen to paper," finished Beck, patiently. "All the profits, if any, that come from *Youth in the Saddle* I pass over to you and if they ask you to sign contracts for further books, go ahead and do it."

Further explanations Beck did not furnish. He did not explain to the mystified Gladys that he

(*please turn to page* 13)

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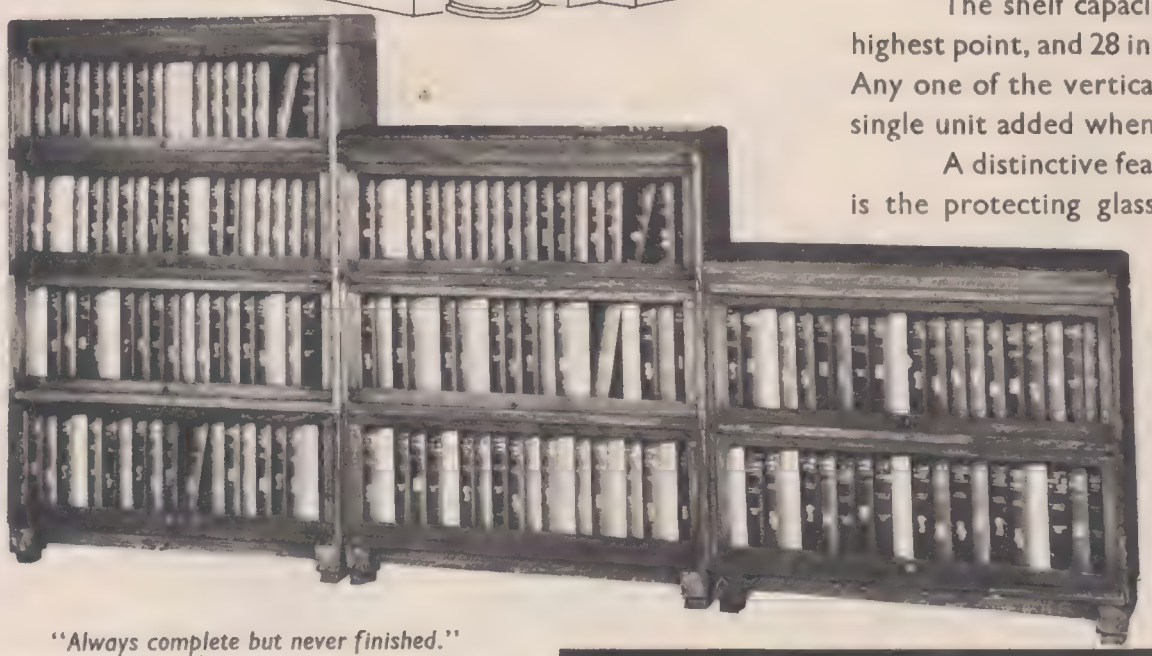

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wished to know, by her paternity of his novel and the sensational events which ought to follow its publication, if his success to-day were the spurious result of his former laurels and popularity, or whether he owed it to the honest, intrinsic worth of his work. It was not worth while to explain all this to her.

She thanked him with what she thought was the proper effusiveness, clasping his hand (to his distress) with both of hers and, in reply to his injunctions, swore secrecy of their pact to all and for ever.

By the time she bounced along with *Youth in the Saddle* to the publishers she had practically come to believe that she was the author. She did not feel uncomfortable. *Youth in the Saddle* was hers by deed of gift, her child by adoption, with all legal rights. She entered the office with complete assurance and said she had a manuscript to submit. She explained that she was a typist and was willing to give all sorts of other information about herself, but a young man interrupted her and told her to leave it with her address. The young man had sized up her age, her pert assurance, and, with a yawn, thought, "Another of 'em," and placed *Youth in the Saddle* in a drawer, where it lay for two months.

It is possible it would have lain there till it had developed a kind of fungus, like a potato left long enough in a glass case, but for a set of circumstances connected with a universal search for a lost tobacco pouch belonging to the senior member of the firm. This latter, joining generously in the hunt, happened across *Youth in the Saddle* and glanced at it half-absently while he was really thinking that, perhaps, he had left that tobacco pouch, after all, in his other overcoat. His eye lighted on an epigram that got him like a whiplash curling round his calves, and he jumped and read on down the rest of the page. Then he turned hastily to the beginning for the author's name.

"What's this?" he barked. "Who's this woman? Who took in the manuscript *Youth in the Saddle?*"

"I did," replied, a little nervously, the young man who had yawned. "A young woman brought it here about—er—two months ago. She said she was a typist."

The senior member of the firm was buried in the manuscript now, glancing through it here and there. "I'm going to read this myself," he announced, gathering it up, "and it should have been read long ago. What's this business of leaving manuscript lying in drawers for two months?"

As he left the room the young man looked after him with a snort. As if it were something new in the publishing trade to leave manuscripts, brought in by unknown authors, in drawers for two months. Was the senior member going nuts or what?

After the senior member, whose name was Beeles, had read *Youth in the Saddle* from start to finish, he entered, accompanied by other senior members of the firm, and said: "Get that woman on the 'phone."

"I told you she was a typist," said the young man. "She hasn't got a 'phone, as far as I know—there's the address."

"What age is she?"

"About twenty-three, I guess."

The senior member's eyes shone. "Twenty-three," he said to the others. "What do you think of that? I might have known it—that's where the freshness of her work comes from."

"Undoubtedly, undoubtedly," murmured the other senior members, nodding their heads and beaming.

"Get that young woman round here as soon as possible," ordered Mr. Beeles.

When Gladys made her entry they were waiting for her with the deference of a bunch of impresarios waiting to book up the infant violinist who had filled the Albert Hall the night before. She was as self-assured as ever.

"Miss Beamish," said the senior member, "I have read your manuscript. You are a typist, it seems and—what age are you?"

"Twenty-two and a half," said Gladys.

The publishers breathed deeply.

"And—how did you come to write this novel, Miss Beamish?"

"Oh, it just came to me," retorted Gladys, flashing them a lip-sticked smile. "It just—just came out of my head—as naturally as a sneeze."

They glanced at each other. One of them leant towards another and Gladys caught the word "unconscious."

The senior member was considering her twenty-two years of age and her pert manner and her typist's make-up, neat and tidy, but by no means rich. He hadn't come across a real rip-snorter of a novel for five years and, properly handled, this should prove the best seller of his career. The more he considered Gladys the more there came to his eyes the satisfied, dreamy look of the hunter home from the hills and the publisher home from the bank.

"You have, of course, a lot to learn, Miss Beamish," he said, "but I am happy to tell you that we shall publish your novel."

Some time later, when speaking with Beck, the senior member said:

"By the way, you don't seem to know you had an infant prodigy in your employment, my dear Beck."

Beck gazed at him inquiringly, raising his eyebrows.

"The girl who types for you—so she told us. Miss Beamish. Do you mean to say she kept it a secret from you?"

"Kept what a secret?" John Beck spoke with querulous curiosity.

"That she had written and given us a masterpiece, a work of art! And so she kept it a secret, even from you!"

A secret joy stole through Beck's entire system. A masterpiece, a work of art! So his talent was old but not yet dead. He could still deliver the goods. He tasted the sweets of twenty years before and felt he was making a second debut.

The criticisms were good, almost unanimously so. Certain critics spoke of her "charming inexperience" (for the publishers had seen to all the necessary publicity) and her "feminine sensibility and youthfulness which gives the book a special literary note." John Beck savoured such judgments as: "This young authoress possesses undoubted talent, but we suggest that before she attacks her next book she should wait until she reaches a literary maturity when she will, no doubt, give us a work devoid of the defects of adolescence which mar *Youth in the Saddle*. Nevertheless, a remarkable book."

Gladys's photograph, with her charmingly cheeky little face and round lips, looked out at her from all over the bookstalls, for *Youth in the Saddle* was a best seller, and she would stand looking at herself for hours. If, by any chance, critics were too analytical and picked out faults in the almost perfect whole with a too unerring finger-nail, that day she had no appetite and blamed John Beck for having spoiled her book.

The Press came around and Gladys prepared to receive the reporters in perfect calm and fitting sartorial decorations. News-editors are a tribe who usually have, individually, the same ideas as all the other members of the tribe, and at the same moment, and so Gladys was interviewed collectively by a pack of news-hounds. As a literary woman she had changed her style of doing her hair, it now looked as if she had cut it herself, and she wore an expensive but artistically untidy-looking dress.

"What is your idea of love, Miss Beamish?" inquired an elderly, bespectacled news-hawk, with a cold in his head and an untidy-looking face, who looked as if all his life he had really been wanting sincerely to know something about love.

"Lunch at a Kingston restaurant, overlooking the Thames, and a walk through Kew gardens afterwards," replied Gladys, without the slightest hesitation.

The reporters took a deep breath and searched for their note-books.

"What is your conception of the novel?" inquired another.

"Dark green cover, top end of the pages in red, title in gold, author's name in black," said Gladys, instantaneously.

An earnest, dark-skinned gentleman representing a paper called *Young India*, clandestinely produced in Calcutta, leaned his head forward and said, tensely:

"Miss Beamish, are you a partisan of autonomy for the natives of India?"

"Economy should be encouraged among Indians as among everybody else, but that doesn't mean I believe a white girl should marry a nigger, even for his money," retorted Gladys, her hand on her hip.

At this reply the man from Calcutta seemed to become transfixed like a fakir in a state of suspended animation, but there was no suspended animation among the other members of the Press.

"Who are your favourite poets and composers?"

"Harry Warren and Al Dubin. I *adore* 'Shanghai Lil,' don't you?"

The reporters hadn't had a day like this for a long time, and prayers of gratitude welled up within their hearts, threatening to dissolve them in a spiritual ecstasy.

"Do you mind telling me, Miss Beamish, from which authors did you derive most intellectual benefit?" asked a delicate-looking man, with gold-rimmed glasses and a twinkle in his eye.

"All girls would derive benefit from reading Anita Loos carefully. There's more in that woman's work than meets the eye, believe me."

Meanwhile, the public continued to eat up *Youth in the Saddle* and John Beck tasted fame, in his solitude, as never since his first novel. Fame pure and unalloyed, detached from monetary gain. Now, at last, he could believe in the compliments to *Youth in the Saddle* with no *arrière pensée* that they were inspired by his name or his personality. Gladys took a flat and began to receive people on a certain day of the week. Beck went once, wondering what she could say to the journalists, critics and so forth, who were her guests. He found she was regarded by her guests as a delightful curiosity. The things she said anent literary matters made him shudder but the others laughed heartily.

"Gladys," said Beck, when he got her alone for a moment, "I know that you are making a lot of money, but how are you going to live up to this style indefinitely?"

"Easy. I've been invited to give a series of lectures across America."

"My God!" whispered Beck, horror-stricken. "But what will you say to them, my dear?"

"To the author of *Youth in the Saddle* that should come easily enough," replied Gladys, carelessly, and then excused herself for having to rush to the 'phone.

What stupifying effect her utterances had on the citizens of the United States he never knew, but one day she appeared at his house and announced that she had returned.

"I had a great tour," she said. "Great folks, the Americans and, my! what food!"

John Beck ran a critical eye over her. She was so different from the typist of a few months before. She was dressed in the latest and most expensive clothes, and she had a pearl necklace around her neck. She talked of her visit to Hollywood and told him how nearly everybody in Hollywood seemed to live in mansions surrounded by walls.

She prattled on and then, suddenly, she stopped, looked at him, and her face wrinkled up in a manner which reminded him how a little boy of three, whom he used to know, looked just before he was going to cry. And then she cried.

For an unmarried man such a situation is difficult. No matter how accustomed a writing man may be to describing such incidents, when it comes to the raw, unrehearsed test he is usually more useless than the milkman—which, perhaps, is the essential difference between the milkman and the distinguished author.

"It's all been so—so glorious while it lasted," she articulated, between sobs, "but now it's over."

"Why?"

"They made me sign contracts for books, short stories, scenarios and what not. I signed them, too. I must have been crazy. And now I'm sunk."

She was buried in John Beck's leather armchair and he perched himself on the arm of it. He looked at the ground for a while and then at her.

"Suppose I continue to write for you, Gladys?" he inquired, gently.

"Oh, Mr. Beck, you can't!" she cried. "It can't go on."

His arm slipped round her shoulders and he said, softly, for he was a gallant gentleman.

"I would, if—if you would let me, Gladys."

For a moment she looked at him and then she rose and put her arms around his neck.

"Oh, and I have loved you, too, for so long, dear," she said, and she nestled her face on his shoulder.

Something went wrong with John Beck's breathing for a moment. *This was not what he had meant at all!* . . . He looked rather dizzily, over her head, around the room. The whole setting seemed oddly familiar. . . . Her head on his shoulder, the room with the books on the walls. . . . Then it came to him in a flash. There was a scene like this in *Youth in the Saddle* . . .

She raised her head and said: "Aren't you going to kiss me, John?"

He bent and kissed her.

When the publishers and critics talk in their stamping grounds, nowadays, of John Beck, the publishers frequently remark:

"Not a line out of him can we get. He's through. It happens to many of them at a certain age."

"What does he care?" reply the critics, through their cigarette smoke. "He's married to a wife who can write better than he ever could. It's a pity more of the literary die-hards can't realise when their sun has set."

Royal Brigle

Miss Michelle

Mr. Sweetum

Mrs. Powner

Cary Cavendish

Society Beauty Stabbed On Last Visit To Old Home

MRS. CARY CAVENDISH, famous society beauty, was stabbed to death when paying a final visit to the home of her father, the late Judge Brigle, in Chicago, before the house and all it contained was sold by auction. After giving her last instructions to those preparing for the sale, Mrs. Cavendish set out to look through the things displayed in the dark, panelled rooms of the gloomy old brownstone mansion with its disturbing atmosphere of mystery and departed glory.

To the piles of junk and old clothes that were scattered about on priceless pieces of antique furniture she added some of her own effects, such as the lace-edged wedding dress of her mother, and half an hour later her husband, the well-known financier, who had called to take her to a cocktail party, found her dead on the black oak bed in which her father died. In the house at the time she was killed were :—

Royal Brigle, brother of the murdered woman, a young man of independent means and not much character;

Mrs. Powner, who looked after the Brigle children after the death of their mother when they were very young;

Mr. Sweetum, who, with his girl assistant, was arranging the house for the auction;

And Cary Cavendish, who it is believed arrived at the house after his wife had been stabbed.

Sweetum says none of the people in the house could have gone to the room where Mrs. Cary Cavendish was stabbed without his seeing, because he was repairing a clock in the hall; but Susan Dare, girl crime reporter, has her doubts about this. And when she examines the frothy lace of the discarded wedding gown she suddenly realises who stabbed Mrs. Cary Cavendish. But how to prove it?

Concluding

WEDDING GOWN MURDER

by

MIGNON G. EBERHART

ILLUSTRATED BY T. GRAINGER JEFFREY

WHAT to do? She would, first, find Jim. Test that all but certain hypothesis against his sound common sense. She must—Susan became still and rigid, clutching the lace. She was all at once terribly aware of the sombre room, the polished floors, the slanting rain against black window panes—her distance from the others in that house. There was no perceptible sound. There was no rustle, no warning of another presence anywhere near her. But for the first time in her life Susan had a positive, definite premonition of danger.

It was probably owing to a sub-conscious warning; she had heard something and not consciously realised it until that instant. Yet the only thing she could actually hear, standing there so still and rigid, was the rain against the window panes, soft and whispering.

She was cold and hot and terrified and could not scream or move her throat muscles. She knew that she must move and she could not. She could only stare at that arch—the only exit from the room—and listen.

And she heard, at last, a sound. A slight sound, but horridly unmistakable, for it was the light, quick click of an electric button. And at once the brown-panelled passage beyond the doorway changed in shadows.

It was danger, then. And the little click of the light signalled its presence and its imminence and released in Susan the will to struggle. She moved toward that open, defenceless arch.

The light was out in the passage beyond. But away down at the end, where it crossed and was crossed by the other main corridor, there was a dim rectangle of light. And against that light, between her and escape, something was moving.

It was a silhouette, but it was blurred. Susan knew that she herself was sharp and clear against the stronger light from the room behind her. Sharp and clear and a definite target for that moving, purposeful, black figure, sliding almost imperceptibly along near the wall.

And no escape except past it. One murder, swift and sure and silent, had already been done in those old rooms that night. Was another—Susan took a sharp, painful breath. She hadn't any doubt at all as to the purpose of the stealthily approaching blur.

She could scream. But it would be too late before they could locate that scream; they might, even, not hear it, so isolated was she and so thick the intervening walls. And there was no way to escape.

No way to escape. Wait—was there a way?

Susan's hand flashed out toward the electric switch for the lights of the ballroom and plunged it and herself into darkness. The figure, she thought, halted for an instant. But Susan had no time to observe.

For there was only one thing to do. And Susan—grimly desperate—did it.

Into the passage a few steps—now along the wall to the right. Her hand fumbled for a panel. It seemed an eternity of time in that soft, thickness before her fingers encountered the wooden knob. Now to act quickly and without sound.

The smell of old cellars—her hands reached far into black space and found the make-shift ladder. Would the thing hold her weight? How far downward did it go? Would it break off somewhere between floors? No time to consider. No time to explore.

Susan was slender and lithe. She clutched the ladder, sat on the edge of the chute, doubled up her legs, and swung her knees soundlessly inward. There was a breathless instant while her slippered feet groped and sought into that musty dark well for a foothold. Then she found it.

Now to close the door of the chute—very gently, very quietly. She did so, straining to reach it. The closing of the panel left her in a black well with endless space below. Would the panel open? If so she was there within reach of the hands that had killed Cynthia Cavendish.

She felt downwards for another board; found and cautiously tested it before she let her weight rest upon it, and clung with her hands to the boards above.

And thus Susan began that slow, terrifying descent through blackness and between dank, musty walls.

There was no way of reckoning distance. No way to know where she was except that she was in a forgotten walled-up cell in the middle of the old house. Her silver fox kept brushing her face and catching and binding her arms and finally she took it off and dropped it. It went softly and soundlessly into the fathomless well below her. And once a cobweb waved against her face, too, and she very nearly screamed.

She paused several times to look upward and listen. There had been time now for that murderous, stealthy exploration of the ballroom. Time now to know that the quarry had, somehow, inexplicably, escaped. Time to pause and consider and to know the direction that escape had taken.

A current of air sucking upward was cold on her face. She looked up again. And far up there above her head there was a faint rectangle of twilight. The door was open, then. What now—a knife through the darkness—pursuit—an attempt to reach her from the first-floor opening to the chute—what?

She must not pause. And nothing happened, and when she looked up again the dim light was gone.

Somehow she missed the first-floor opening. And perhaps the most terrifying moment was when all at once there was no ladder and her groping feet could discover nothing at all below.

She knew she must be near the basement exit. But she did not know how long a drop was below her.

She clung there, listening, trying to get her breath, wondering what to do and also wondering (faintly and in the back of her mind) how she, Susan Dare, living a normally quiet and tranquil life, had got herself into such a predicament. Clinging to a ladder—that was a ladder only by the grace of naming it so—in the forgotten depths of a strange and sombre old house. It was utterly fantastic. But her hands clutched rough boards and proved to her that it was true.

Her unreasoning, instinctive terror was leaving her, however. While the murderer had quite evidently managed to elude police and search her out on the second floor—and discover her in the very act of coming upon that one bit of betraying and terribly convicting evidence—still, it was not probable that in the space of time that had actually elapsed, the murderer had contrived again to elude all those spectators and precede Susan to the basement. If so, of course, Susan had entered a perfect cul-de-sac. And her hands were inevitably loosening their grip. How far was the drop below her?

There was suddenly a thin line of light somewhere. The sound of motion and of quick footsteps.

Susan's heart stood perfectly still for a long choking instant.

Footsteps, very near—something being pushed along a floor—somebody whistling. Whistling, of all things, Mavourneen.

"Jim," sobbed Susan and measuring the line of light let herself drop.

It was only a few feet and the silver fox was already there, breaking her fall.

And a door opened letting in light and Jim was there. "Susan! My God! What happened? *Susan!*"

It took a moment to convince him that she wasn't hurt, that it was only dirt on her face, that she had climbed and not fallen down the chute. Jim, though somewhat accustomed to Susan's quietly appearing in unexpected spots, was still obviously shaken, and mopped Susan's face and his own alternately with a very handsome handkerchief and said a great many things with considerable emphasis.

"But it's the murderer," expostulated Susan, incoherently. "I had to get into the chute. The murderer was up there—in the hall——"

"What do you mean—hold still, can't you, till I see if you've broken any bones—don't wriggle——"

"Stop maundering," said Susan, sharply. "I mean the murderer was in the hall. I mean I, well—I think I know who did it."

Jim gave her face a final cleansing dab, swung her arms again as if to be sure they weren't broken, set her carefully on her feet as one would a doll and commanded her to walk.

She did so, protesting, all but wringing her hands in exasperated impatience.

"I guess you are all right," said Jim. "But you are one of those women, Susan, who need a good beating now and then. I told you to keep safe and quiet while I was gone. And God knows what you've been up to. Now, then, what's this about the murderer? And what's that stuff trailing around your feet?"

"Stuff?" She looked and gasped. Inconceivably she had dragged the lace gown down that long descent with her and it lay now mingled with silver fox and a broken orchid, on the concrete floor at her feet.

"It's the lace," she cried. "Jim—Jim, I think I know who did it. And if we hurry—the murderer was on the second floor——"

"Why didn't you say so in the first place," demanded Jim, with infuriating inconsistence. "Hurry

up—don't stand there chattering. It's probably too late already——"

She was obliged to overlook it and gasped out the story on their way through a cavernous basement and up the stairs.

But it was too late. For Mr. Sweetum and Miss Michelle were sitting stiffly on the settee in the hall and looking very miserable under the eyes of two policemen. And the family, said one of the policemen, were in the little room back of the library with Lieutenant Mohrn.

"Has anyone just come downstairs?" inquired Jim.

"Nary a soul, Mr. Byrne."

"How long has Lieutenant Mohrn been in the morning-room with the family?"

"Just a few minutes. They're trying to find the weapon."

Susan said: "It's too late. There's the back stairway." She turned to Miss Michelle. "Did anyone at all enter the kitchen while you were working there during the afternoon? I mean particularly, during the time after Mrs. Cavendish arrived and before she was found murdered?"

"Why, yes. The young fellow. Royal Brigle. But he didn't go upstairs and he didn't pick up any knife. I'm sure of that because all the cutlery was on a table across the room and he didn't go near it."

"What did he do?"

"Why, he—I don't know exactly. He just sort of looked around. Watched me sorting things."

"Did he come close to you—or to the cupboards?"

A little pink came into the girl's pretty face.

"Yes," she said reluctantly. "Sort of—I thought he was going to—oh—you know—put his arm around me. Something like that." She looked apologetic. "They often do."

Susan could believe it. The child was so very pretty.

Susan looked at the great clock, facing them all. Looked at Jim. Looked at the policeman. One of them said: "You are Miss Dare, aren't you? Would you be wanting to see the Lieutenant?"

Susan would. But Miss Michelle had not finished. She was looking at the lace over Susan's arm, and her eyes were all but popping out of her pretty face. "Oh—o—oh," she said. "Where did you get that?"

"What? This lace? Why?"

"It was Mrs. Judge Brigle's wedding-gown. That's what it was. And Mrs. Cavendish wore it at her wedding, too."

There was a sudden, rather explosive silence. Then the girl added, chattily: "Mrs. Cavendish said so herself. And she didn't want to wear it either; wanted something new. She brought it and a lot of other things when she came this afternoon. Said she was going to put them all in the sale to bring whatever we could get for them."

Again Susan was conscious of a sharp, quick flash of premonition. Or was it merely the memory of a glaring incongruity?

"What else did she bring?" she asked, coldly calm.

"A lacquered coffee set," said the girl. "And a plant made out of tin. She took them both upstairs with her. She said she was going to put them on the tables of stuff for sale in the ballroom."

Susan turned to the policeman. "Could we see Lieutenant Mohrn?" she said. "Would it be all right—we shall want Mr. Sweetum and Miss Michelle, too."

"Sure," said the policeman. "Sure. He told us about you two—sure."

On the way through the ghostly dining-room Susan said to Jim: "Did you find the gold dressing set?"

"No. But it's somewhere around. What are you after, Susan?"

"I don't know. That is, I do know. But not how to prove it—unless——"

They were at the door to the little morning-room. Its brown walls made a shadowy background for strained white faces. The shaded lamp cast an eerie green light upon bright sharp points of metal. The gas spit and hissed and Cary Cavendish leaned against the mantel, his hard lean face inscrutable, while Royal Brigle stood just beside Mrs. Powner

(*please turn to page* 17)

Now to close the door of the chute — very gently, very quietly

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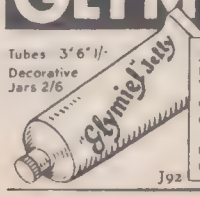

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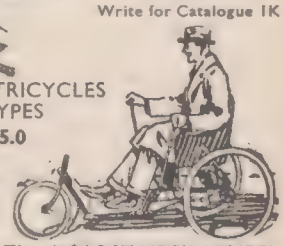

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who was seated. Lieutenant Mohrn looked at Jim and Susan and nodded to the policeman who permitted them to enter, and also Mr. Sweetum and the girl assistant who, obediently, had followed. No one spoke, and Susan was conscious of her grimy hands, and the cobwebs streaking her suave, black suit, and her dishevelled hair. And then, as the silence grew heavier and Susan's eyes more accustomed to the gloom she noted a very queer thing.

For everyone in that room except Jim was staring at the lace she held in her hands. It was like a strange spell-binding contagion.

Finally, Lieutenant Mohrn looked at Jim and there was an odd sort of wordless communication between them. And Lieutenant Mohrn cleared his throat and said quietly and quite as if Susan had some kind of place among them:

"Something to report, Miss Dare?"

Susan looked for and found Mr. Sweetum. She glanced again at Lieutenant Mohrn, was reassured by the encouraging expression on his face, and was, without looking, conscious also of Jim's support. She said:

"Mr. Sweetum, you say you were working at the clock in the hall? When was that exactly?"

The little man hesitated, looked bewildered, replied: "Mostly while Mrs. Cavendish was upstairs. I could get it to strike all right but not to tick——"

"The clock faces the hall. You must have had your back toward the stairway and the hall while you were working."

"Why—why, yes, I suppose so. But nobody went through the hall."

"How can you be sure of that?" Your back was turned to the hall itself and to the stairway. You were looking at the clock. And you say the clock would strike. How do you know?"

"Why, because it was striking, of course. Had it going a number of times."

"Mr. Sweetum—couldn't someone have entered the hall and walked up the stairway very quietly while you were working on the clock? And then, later, walked down again?"

"No," said Mr. Sweetum, then stopped and thought. "Yes," he said.

Susan turned to Royal. He stood beside Mrs. Powner and Mrs. Powner quite suddenly put up her large white hand so that the boy grasped it.

Susan said: "Why did you give up your keys to the house? Will you tell us, please? You see, it seems rather an extraordinary thing to do. It suggests some difference of opinion—perhaps about the articles to be sold."

The young man did not reply at once. His dark face was very still and his long chin set. Then he said: "We thought it best to do so. Mr. Sweetum thus had full responsibility for the articles here."

"Why would you desire him to have full responsibility."

He considered that, too, before replying.

"It was only fair. One of us might wish to add or to take something away without the knowledge or——"

"Royal——" said Mrs. Powner.

"You were about to say consent, were you not?" said Susan.

The dark silent eyes retreated still further.

"Does it matter?"

"Yes," said Susan slowly. "I'm afraid it does. You see, you——"

The door opened, interrupting her. A policeman beckoned to Lieutenant Mohrn, whispered something, closed the door again. Lieutenant Mohrn looked at Cary Cavendish and Cary Cavendish said quickly: "Did you find my secretary? Did she substantiate my—my alibi?"

"She did," said Lieutenant Mohrn, slowly.

Cary Cavendish took a long breath.

"There's that, then," he said and turned to Royal. "Don't say a word, Royal."

"He doesn't," said Susan, slowly, "need to say anything. You see, it's already known that he—he's an accessory after the fact."

"*You lie!*" It was Mrs. Powner, white, raging, hoarse. Both white hands flung themselves to her heaving bosom as if to hold in too tumultuous emotions. "*The girl is out of her head. What does she know about it!*"

Susan held the lace towards Royal.

"It's your mother's wedding gown," she said. "And after Cynthia died it was you who went to the kitchen and then crawled, I think, up the clothes chute. And it was you who washed and brought the sword plant down."

It was then that the woman betrayed herself.

"*He didn't know she was dead!*" She cried in a great surge of breath.

A strange chill wave of something unspoken and terrible washed over the little room. Susan heard her own voice saying: "But you knew. And he knew when he found her."

"It was an accident," cried Royal. "She fell upon it."

Susan turned to Lieutenant Mohrn.

"He means Cynthia fell upon the sword plant. The metal sword plant there beside you. She had carried it upstairs, you see, to include in the sale. It and this wedding gown." She turned back to Mrs. Powner. "Tell them why you killed her."

"She didn't kill her! I know—I——"

"Hush, Royal. I'll tell them. It's no use fighting them. They know. And it was in self-defence. Cary—I killed your wife. We—we had words. She had brought her mother's wedding gown to be sold. It was the last straw—it was unbearable. I had watched her greed and her selfishness too long. She insisted on selling the house—everything in it. There were, as you know, endless quarrels about things she wished to sell. Things that had no value, but were dear to me and to Royal who had loved our home.

"Eliza. Stop, don't talk. They can't make you." Cary Cavendish had started forward restrainingly, but Eliza Powner flung up her white hands in majestic command.

"It's self-defence," she repeated. "Self-defence. She had the gown you see, in her hand. I remonstrated in vain. I—I tried to take it. And she—she struck me, Cary. Slapped me with her open hand. And I—I pushed her away. And somehow—the plant you see was on the floor. And she tripped—you see—on the lace. And fell. Straight—straight upon that horrible metal plant. One of the spikes——" her throaty, surging voice failed.

Cary cried out something indistinguishable.

"And," said Jim. "I suppose, in a way, it *was* self-defence. But I rather think she intended to do it. She was, at least potentially, a murderess. For she certainly intended some harm to Susan when she found the lace."

That was later. After many things had been done. After men had come and gone and Lieutenant Mohrn and Susan and Jim were again in the sombre morning-room with the gas flames whispering.

"Her only danger," said Lieutenant Mohrn musingly, "was when she came down the front stairway. But she had to get down somehow. And she knew Sweetum was busy at the clock and hadn't seen her when she followed Cynthia upstairs. So she was obliged to take the chance of getting down again and through the hall while he still worked at the clock. And she succeeded. Then it seems she told Royal what had happened. And that Cynthia lay upstairs. She knew Cynthia was dead. And Royal must have known it. For he went to the second floor, as you guessed, Miss Dare, by way of the clothes chute—dumb-waiter—whatever it originally was. And he placed Mrs. Cavendish on the bed and removed the sword plant and then cleaned and brought it downstairs thinking to remove it from the scene of the murder."

"He could have simply left it there. It looked like accident," said Jim soberly.

"Ah, but he didn't," said Lieutenant Mohrn. "Because in his heart he knew. It was a mistake, but a natural one. To him the wedding gown—the plant—were clues to murder. Wilful murder. Expedient perhaps but deliberate, nevertheless. And he removed those clues and swore to an alibi because he loved Mrs. Powner. Loved her, probably much more than he cared for his sister."

"It was evident from the first that Cynthia was the one who pushed the sale. They as good as admitted it. The boy said firmly that they wouldn't go on with the sale now." Jim looked at Susan. "I suppose that was your first indication of how things stood?"

"I suppose so," said Susan. "That and—oh, the way they spoke of Cynthia. And the fact that they had all given up their keys to Mr. Sweetum. That was all wrong. Then, of course, when the gold dressing set vanished immediately after Jim and I had speculated as to whether something had been stolen, and thus that robbery might be the motive, well, that seemed to limit it to the family. Or at least to the people already in the house. It didn't seem likely that a thief would choose so awkward and valueless a thing and nothing else. Especially when the loss was discovered immediately after someone had been listening to our talk. It was too evidently an attempt to suggest robbery. I suppose it was either Royal or Mrs. Powner herself who listened and who promptly removed and hid the nearest object that suggested value. It was on the table in the dining-room——"

"It was Mrs. Powner," said Lieutenant Mohrn, heavily. "She seemed so—well, so broken up about the affair that I didn't make her stay under guard. There were policemen—I didn't expect anything like that. I told them to keep an eye on the two men. But Mrs. Powner seemed so——"

I know," said Jim, nodding. "She affected me the same way. If she had drawn herself up and said: 'Young man, get out of this house,' I should have gone. At least, I think I should. I thought Susan was out of her head when I began to see what she was getting at. How did you know, Susan?"

Lieutenant Mohrn said suddenly: "That wedding gown. It turned the trick, but how did you know? It wasn't in the room where Cynthia was found."

"Oh," said Susan. "That. Well, there'd been blood on it."

"Blood. There's no blood on it now."

"There was blood. I knew that when I found the starch. It'll show, I expect, under analysis."

"Starch," said Jim.

"Yes, of course. It's nothing—an old household recipe. Cold water takes out blood stains, but some of it clings to the tighter threads of lace. Shows a sort of brownish stain, but starch sprinkled on it removes the whole thing. Absorbs all traces, dries and shakes out of the material."

"Oh," said Jim looking blank.

"That's it," said Susan. "I suppose you hadn't the faintest notion that you must use boiling water to remove coffee stains, and put salt on a fruit stain."

"Why, no," said Jim. "I don't think——"

Susan was weary and momentarily exasperated by masculine indifference to woman's concerns. "Yet you grew up in a house exactly as I did! That's why I felt when I found the starch that Mrs. Powner was somehow concerned, for I felt perfectly sure that neither Royal nor Cary would have known or remembered anything so simple and so domestic."

"Oh, come now, Susie. That couldn't be the only reason for your suspecting Mrs. Powner."

"No," she admitted. "It wasn't the only thing. But it was somehow the clinching thing. I think it was Royal's attitude that started it; he was so—protective. Then there was the gold dressing-set which certainly no thief would have taken and which, too, had been left on the first floor, not on the second where Cynthia was murdered. There was the sword plant which Mrs. Cavendish had taken upstairs and yet which turned up on the first floor. There was Mrs. Powner's obvious, strong devotion to Royal's mother and to Royal—no woman would give her whole life to bringing up another woman's children if there were not some very strong motive, and in this case it seemed to be a blend of devotion to Celia Brigle's memory, to Royal, and to the place that had been Eliza Powner's home. And Cynthia removed the home. The wedding-gown was actually, I think, as Mrs. Powner admitted, a kind of last straw. An explosive point."

"The killing was evidently not premeditated," said Lieutenant Mohrn.

"Not premeditated," said Jim grimly. "But darned efficient. Susan, when that thing happened upstairs, did you recognise the silhouette?"

"Yes," she said.

"Sue——"

"There were skirts," said Susan, simply. "And bulk. But, you see, she hadn't actually attacked me. It was only—something, I don't know what. Terror. Instinct. A realisation that I was trapped—nothing tangible——"

"Tangible enough," said Jim. "Nobody turns out lights and slides along corridors for the fun of it. No, darling, it wasn't anything so fancy as intuition. Let's get out of here. This house is giving me jitters."

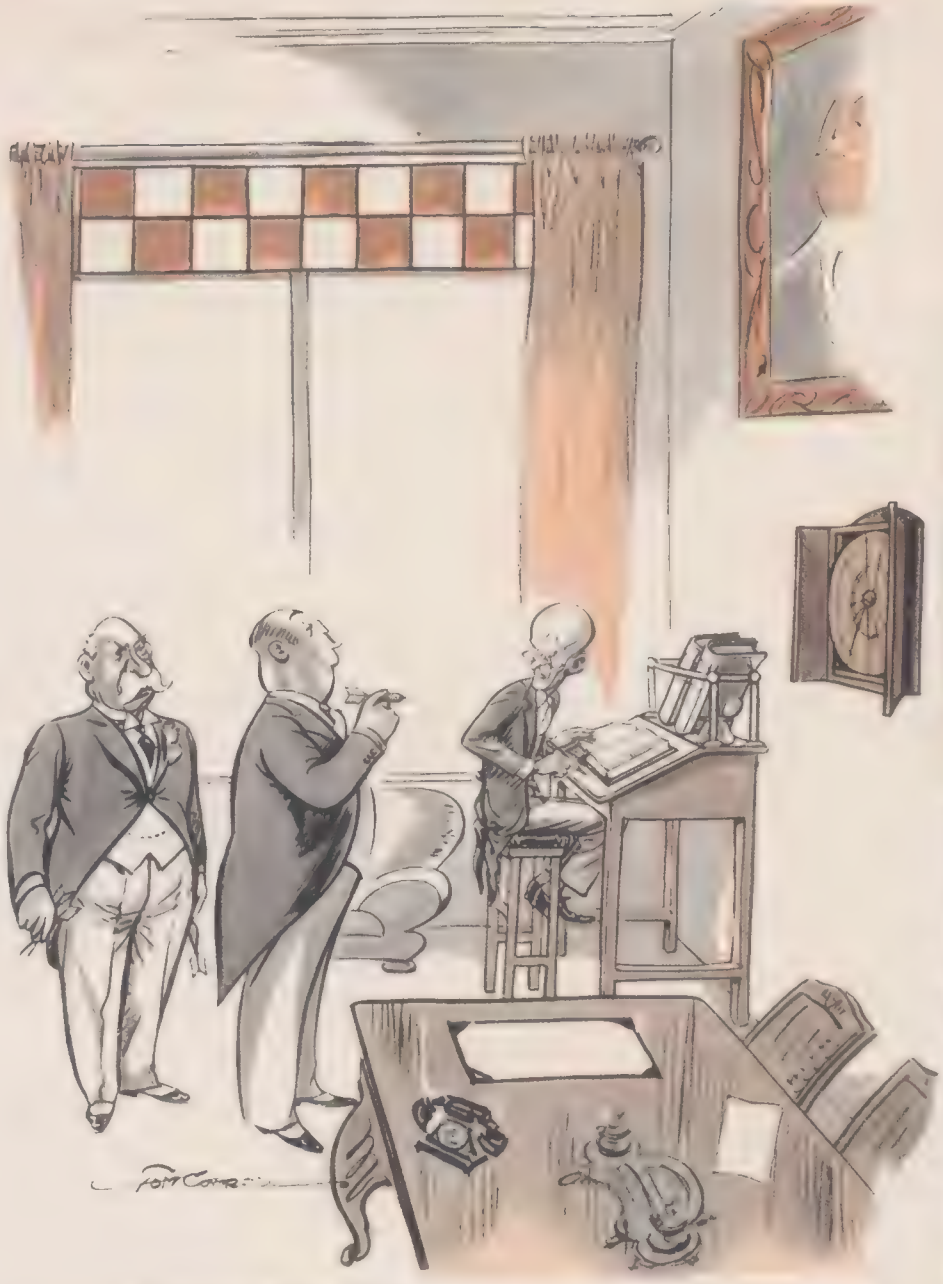
Together, their footsteps muffled on the rugs, they threaded those sombre rooms, turning out lights as they went. Out into the cold, wet night, with the pavements reflecting eerie lights.

"Home for you, Susanna, my lamb," said Jim, tucking her in the car. "And straight to bed with hot milk and blankets. You've probably caught your death of cold."

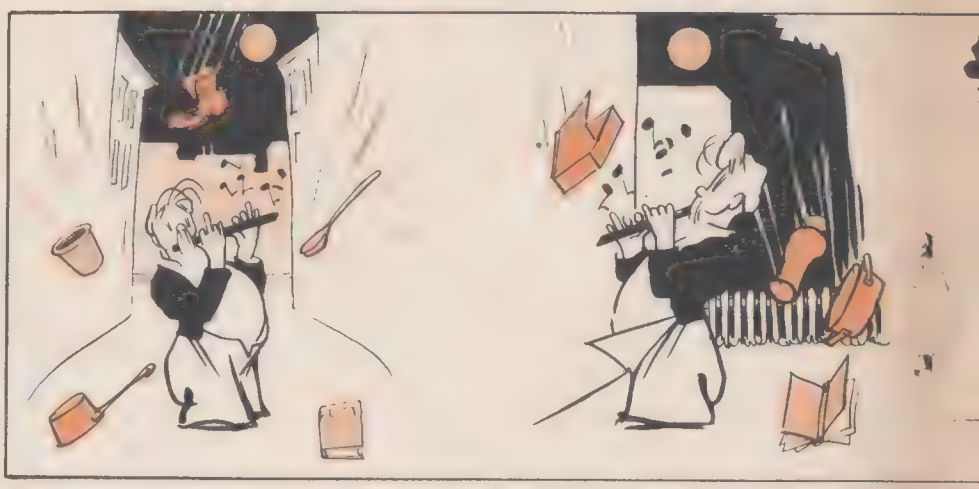
THE END

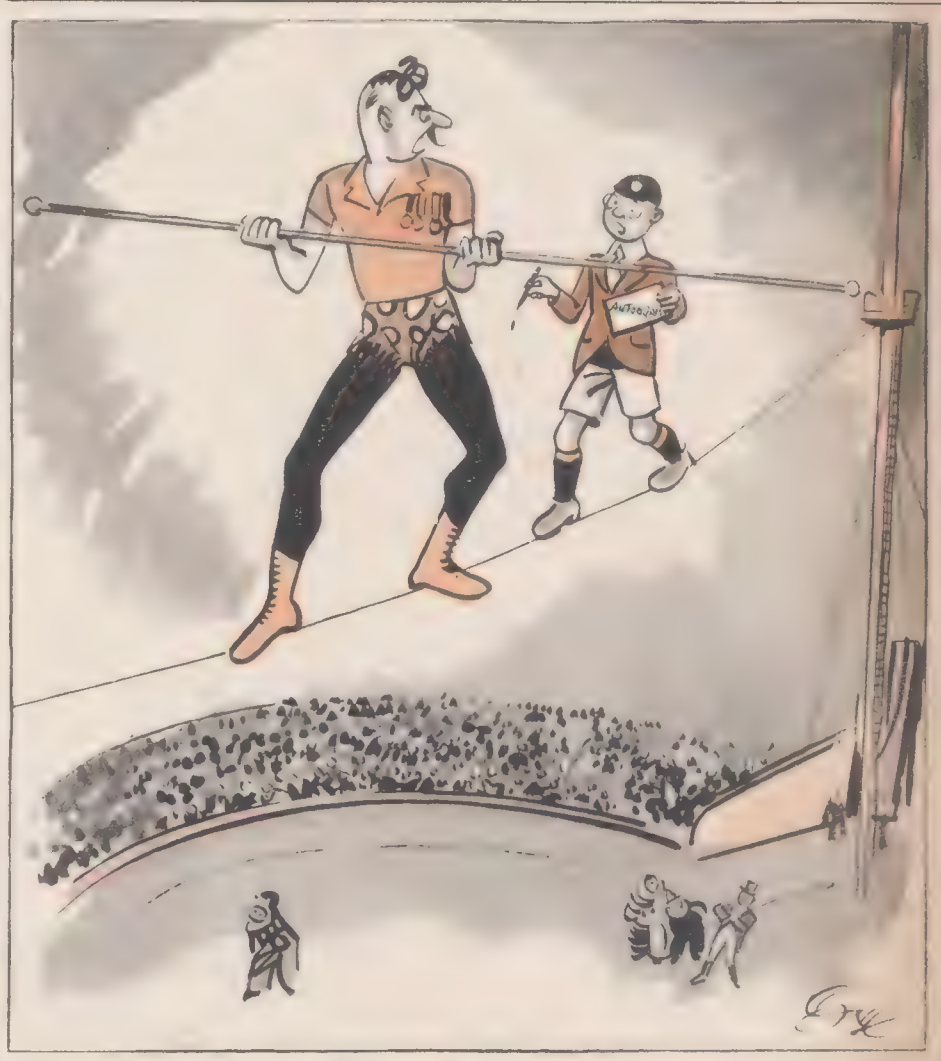
Laugh

The "PASSING SHOW



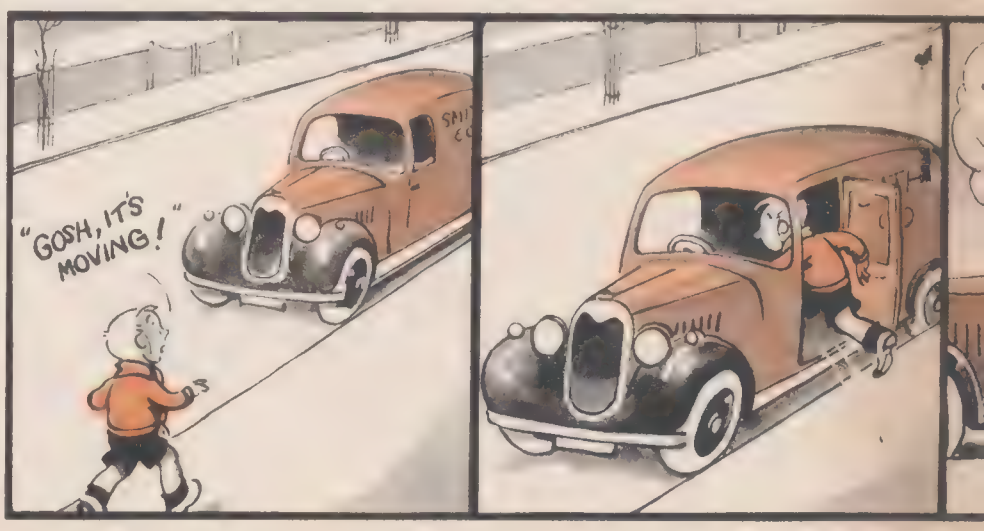
"There is a balance of twenty-seven in your favour, Mr. Grimshaw."





"No, I'm giving no more autographs at the moment!"

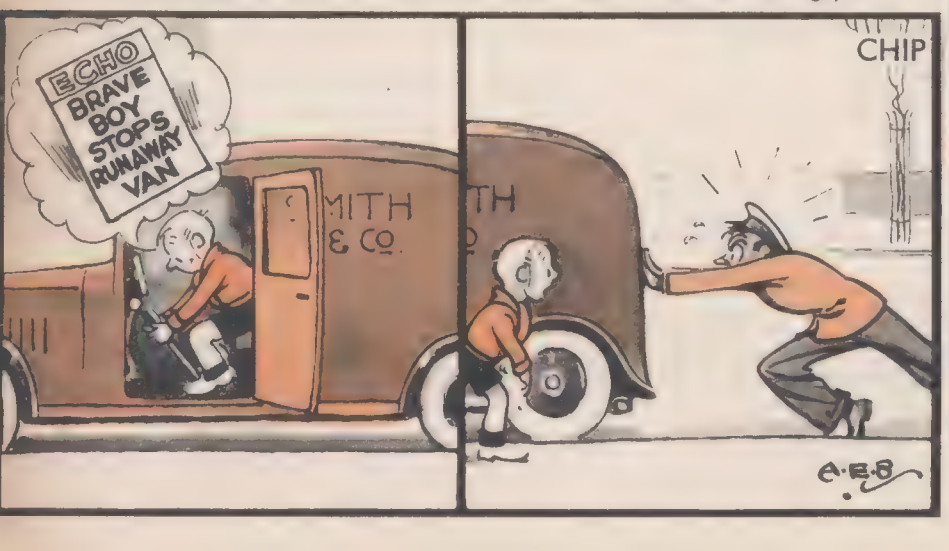
"Wentworth is dreadfully short-sighted, isn't he?"



...kter

...w" Smile Section

"He always walks backwards; the bloke in front makes him feel hungry!"



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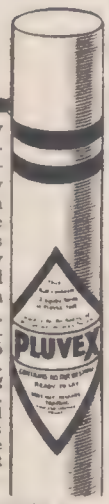

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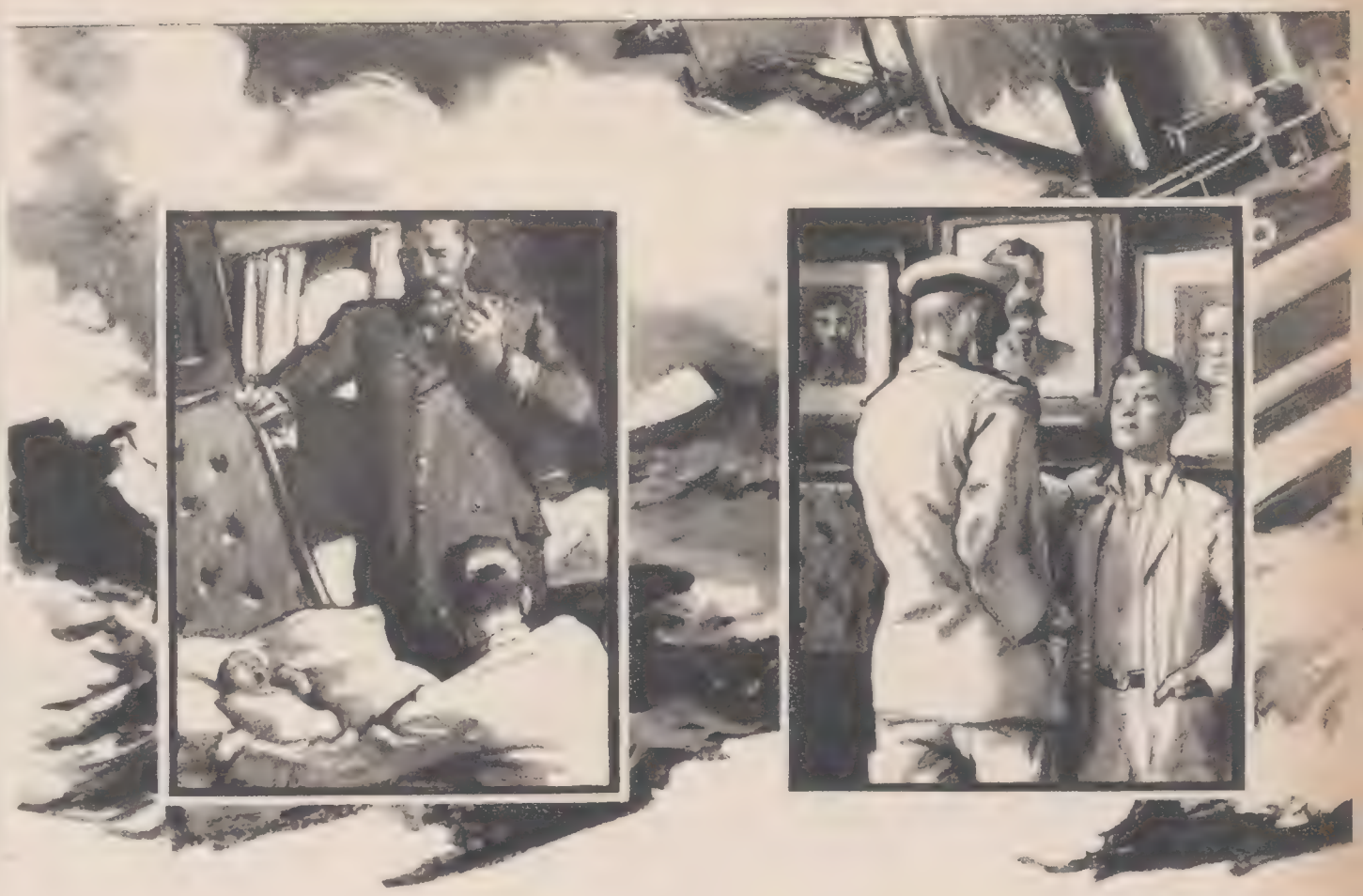


BORN TO BE TOUGH

They rammed the sea down his gullet until he just couldn't take any more of it—or so he thought, until they hit some real trouble

BY ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD OSMOND

HE had been born somewhere off the China coast, on a rather handsome freighter named the *Mohawk*, wallowing at the moment in the heel of a hurricane. A much-married and not-too-sanitary steward had been his doctor and first nurse, Captain Waring being far too busy on the bridge bringing his ship through a small matter of shifted cargo and two smashed hatches. By the time that had been settled, Mrs. Waring was dead and the future George Waring was wedged between cushions on the cabin settee, crying consistently and with the steward holding him fast against the heavy rolls.

Captain Waring took off his dripping sou'wester when he finally came below, wiped salt from his wet face and lighted his pipe with shaking fingers. He looked for a long time at the sheeted figure on his bunk, shook his head and then regarded his offspring with a frown

"Well, he's got a good start for a sailor," he observed. "A lot of Warings have been born at sea. Begin from the deck up, so to speak. Er . . . steward . . . it *is* a boy, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, it's a boy," agreed the steward. "Husky little beggar."

"That's good," said the captain, with some relief. "I don't know what I'd have done with a girl." He considered a moment. "We'll ship a competent woman at the next port to see him through the worst, and after that we'll attend to him ourselves. He'll cut his teeth on a marlinespike." Which is exactly what George Waring did.

He could steer before he was as tall as the *Mohawk's* wheel, when he had to stand on tip-toe to look at the compass. He knew all his knots and splices even before that, and in his early teens he was reasonably competent to take a sight. All the Warings had been sailors, not infrequently owners of their own ships, and it seemed quite natural to the captain that his son should follow the family.

QUITE early he was made acquainted with the grim portraits of other Warings that looked down from the bulkheads of his father's cabin; Great-great-grandfather Elias, who had been famous in the days of the East Indiamen; Uncle John, who had made two clipper records in the Australian wool trade that had never been equalled; Grandfather Amos, who had gone down with his ship off Madagascar; and cousin Paul, who even then commanded an Atlantic crack.

They were all severe looking men and, quite obviously, they had all done remarkable things. Captain Waring expounded on the matter as soon as George could understand and he repeated the various histories on many occasions and at appropriate times.

"We're proud of the family," he would state, solemnly. "I'm proud of it. You're proud of it. We do our duty. We bring our ships home or go down with them. Some day, when you take the *Mohawk*, you can put my picture up there with the rest and you want to feel that some day your own son on another *Mohawk* will put your picture up too. You see?"

And standing very still the curly-haired, weather-tanned boy who did not see at all would mutter, frowning, "Yes, sir. I see."

All his life he had listened to the seamen talking of the delights of the land; he had listened to the ship's boys gleefully planning what they would do when they were paid off. He had heard stories from sailors who in their time had wandered across the American prairies, worked in the Canadian woods, caroused with dark women in the outer islands and sought romantically for gold in the heart of the Australian Never-Never. He had seen more cities and queer ports than he could remember, but it was like lifting the bare fringe of a glamorous, only half-guessed life that went on beyond.

And so there had grown in him a passionate yearning for the land. The land was adventure, the sea nothing but the same drab grind. He wanted to explore that other world, as other men and boys did. With a curious reversal of things, he wanted the shore as other boys wanted the sea and there were times when he almost carried the reversal through and ran away to land.

AND he did once; the day before he was to sit for his examination. He had the sick feeling that once passed, and there was no doubt of that, he would be definitely committed; tied down for ever; bound to the *Mohawk* as other boys might be bound to a factory bench, or an office desk. So that night he waited until the watchman went into the galley for his coffee and slipped down to the wharf. The police picked him up a week later, happily working with a road gang just outside the city. And they brought him, white-faced and defiant, back to his father. Captain Waring was white-faced, too, with anger and a half-conviction that he had produced a monstrosity.

"I could send you to jail," he said

grimly. "You're a deserter from ship's articles and a minor to boot. A son of mine! A Waring! Digging ditches. Have you gone mad?"

"I'm sick of the sea! I'm sick of ships!" the boy had blazed, with sudden passion. "You wouldn't understand! I don't want anything to do with them. Why can't you let me alone?"

His father leaned on his desk then, and drew a long, hard breath. He seemed suddenly weak and old.

"You don't . . . want anything . . . to do with the sea," he managed. "You, a Waring? I've made you a sailor because you were born one."

"Do you think I want to spend all my life loading cargo, unloading cargo?" the boy screamed. "I'm sick of overhauling derricks and gear; laying out courses, taking a damned ship from one dirty port to another. I tell you I won't! I can look after myself. You let me alone!"

He started sobbing as the fury abated, and Captain Waring sat down heavily, all but stunned. He made feeble motions with his hands.

"But you can't mean that, boy," he said weakly. "You'll have the *Mohawk* some day. I've been looking forward to it, when I could retire and sail with you just as a passenger. My son taking over. Why, all the family——" He looked at the serried portraits and shook his bewildered head.

And then the sudden lines and the bleakness that came to his face made something turn over inside George. He loved and respected his father as much as any boy and there lay in him besides the long years of training and discipline. His father was master. The revolt faltered, wilted and died. George looked at the portraits of dead and living Warings and it seemed all the severe faces were frowning and critical; bearing down, beating him down; contemptuous of the one Waring who did not want to follow the sea.

"Very well, sir," he said at last, wearily, "I'll stay."

The most meticulous of shipmasters could have found little fault with George Waring in the next few years. As regards the ship's work he was almost a perfect automaton; never late on watch, never amiss in any duty. He faithfully attended to the cargo stowing in his holds, never over-drank and never had any trouble handling his watch. He grew to a big young man, broad, weather-tanned, with heavy brows that scowled over grey eyes, and with a firm jaw beneath a sullen mouth. And he *was* sullen.

"I don't understand him," said the despairing old man one time, coming out of Wellington, New Zealand. "I don't understand him at all. He has no interest in life."

The pilot, an old friend who knew something of the situation, spat tobacco juice over the rail and wiped his mouth in his hand.

"It's your own fault," he said, drily. "You rammed the sea down his gullet. Why didn't you let him run ashore a bit and get it out of his system while he was a kid?"

In course of time George became second mate and then first mate of the *Mohawk*. He worked as mechanically as ever, but with some philosophical resignation now, for there was no other trade he could follow and he was still young enough so there were times when he clean forgot to brood. He took to running ashore with the other mates, caroused a little and so, finally, he met the girl.

It was in San Francisco and she was a waitress in a Market Street café; slender and very pretty. George had never paid much attention to women before, but there was something about Evelyn that drew him. He had no way of defining it, had no wish to. All he knew was that the first time he met her he must have ordered a dozen cups of coffee before he found the courage to speak to her. She looked at the tall, brown young sailor with speculative eyes, decided that she liked him, and smiled very pleasantly. She was a sensible girl, for all her prettiness and by the time the *Mohawk* was ready to sail again, she had made up her mind.

"I'm quitting the ship after this trip," George told his father, shortly. "I'm getting married."

"Ah," said Captain Waring, softly, and there was a sudden pain under his heart. He had known it had to come some time. "Does she want you to stay ashore?"

"Why not?" said George, bitterly. "What's the use of being married if you only see each other once every four or five months. I'm only making this trip, so you'll have time to find someone else."

"And what will you do ashore," asked the old man, stonily. "You only know the sea."

"I've a chance to work for a shipping company. Evelyn—that's my fiancee—has an uncle in the business who can help me."

"It would be better if you waited until you'd had command first," said his father. "Don't you see? With that behind you you'd stand in better."

George made an impatient gesture.

"I can't wait, sir," I've waited long enough as it is. I've tried to please you, but I've got to live my own life now. Evelyn doesn't want a husband who's only a signature on a letter."

Captain Waring steadied himself with a hand on the bridge rail and bit the stem of his pipe.

"If you must, you must," he conceded, wearily. "I'll not stand in your way any longer. But let me help you this much Make another voyage after this. Just one. I'll step down so you can command and get your rank. It'll mean something in the shipping business to be known as Captain Waring."

"But what will *you* do?" asked George, with some curiosity. He looked at his father's grey face and felt a little sick. "You're—you're not staying ashore then, away from the *Mohawk*?"

"What else can I do? I had hoped to be with you when you were master, just an old man pottering around the decks and taking things easy. But there's no sense in my carrying on if you—if you quit. But never mind that. Will you make the last run as master? I'll feel better then."

George bit his lip.

"Evelyn won't like it," he said, uncertainly. "But I'll see."

His father nodded and tapped the rail absently with his pipe stem.

"Does she know," he asked, with apparent irrelevance, "that we—I—own the *Mohawk*?"

"Why, no." George was puzzled. "I never mentioned it. Why should I?"

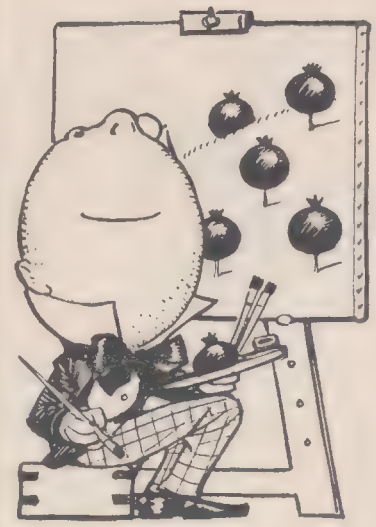
"No reason. I just wondered." And Captain Waring went below a little relieved. At least the girl wasn't marrying George for what he would inherit. The *Mohawk* was worth a fortune. He looked at the portraits on his bulkheads and smiled a little. The last of the Warings. He did not know that later his son looked at those same portraits, too, and with a sense of exultation.

"You can't lick me, damn you!" he whispered. "I'm getting out. I'm going to be free. You and your damned ships!" He hated every feature in the grim faces he had known so long. They represented all the barriers he had felt before him. But no longer. He was going ashore very soon. He was going ashore to Evelyn.

"It's getting thicker seems like," said the second mate on an afternoon months later, peering into the white fog ahead. He hung on the siren lanyard for a long blast and added, as the echoes died, muffled in the mist: "There's someone over to port, I think, sir."

Captain Waring bent his head and

(*please turn over*)



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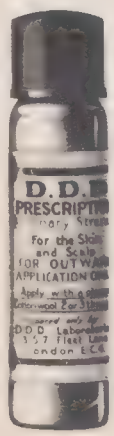

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listened. There was a small noise of lazy, calm swells lapping along the barely moving hull. There were quiet fog-drippings from the rigging and spars. The wheel creaked a little as the helmsman turned it, while far below there was the rhythmic thump-thump of the engine. And then from port came, muffled, the eerie boom of another siren as George Waring came up the companion from the main deck and pushed his peaked cap back on his head.

"There's something afire in the after hold all right, sir," he told his father. "You can smell the smoke. I've men down there trying to locate it."

"All right," said the captain, absently. They had suspected fire only that morning. "It probably isn't serious. There's a ship to port of us." The *Mohawk's* siren boomed again and was answered, closer this time. Captain Waring looked at the second mate. "Stop her!" he said curtly. The second rammed the telegraph up and down. The engine thump ceased and the *Mohawk* drifted in the swirling ghostly white. And then the strange ship was upon them, leaping out of the fog at full speed.

Men shouted. Sirens screamed. A great black bow took the *Mohawk* a glancing blow just for'ard of the bridge, on the port side, and careened away ahead. The *Mohawk* lurched and listed and there was a horrible sucking sound of water. Captain Waring, thrown half-way across the bridge, fell down the port companion and crumpled at the bottom, unconscious and with a broken leg. George and the second mate fell on the bridge itself, but were unhurt. By the time they got up the strange ship was only a blur in the fog and her siren was silent.

"Isn't she going to stop?" choked George, incredulous. "She must have holed us. Go down and see what's the damage." The second mate stumbled away. The *Mohawk's* crew was milling about the decks, half of them just awakened from a watch below and quite bewildered. George swore and shook his fist at the swirl of fog where the strange ship had disappeared.

"Scared to face an inquiry," he raved. "Running full ahead in this! The murdering swines!"

He found his father and had a man help carry him to his room. He left him then in care of the steward and went back on deck. The *Mohawk* was listing more than ever and was already down a little by the head.

"There's a hell of a hole in her side, sir," the second reported, white-faced. "And she's making water pretty fast in number one and two."

George whistled down the engine-room tube and got the chief.

"Give her all the pumps you can for'ard," he ordered. "We're in a mess." He plugged the tube and turned as the bos'n came pawing up the companion from the main deck. His face was grey.

"She's broke out, sir," he reported. "The hold's full of smoke aft, and you can see flame."

"The jar must have shaken the cargo loose and let air get down," said George grimly. "Well, take half the men and start the hoses," he ordered the second mate. "I'll attend to the leak for'ard."

The next six hours were a nightmare, with the *Mohawk* drifting listlessly on the sober swells and through the indifferent mist, one half of her crew trying to get as much water as possible in her after holds and the other half trying to keep water out of her fore holds. George started some of the men jettisoning cargo so that they could get down to the terribly ripped plates that were right on the waterline. The rest he had sew a rope cargo net to a double hatch-tarpaulin, and this they lowered overside until the in-rushing sea fastened it against the gaping hole. Water still swept in, but in greatly diminished quantities, and the pumps could hold that. They dug out cargo far enough so that they could stuff mattresses into the hole from the inside, and then they built a wooden bulkhead of sorts behind the mattresses to keep them pressed against the outside collision mat. It was a long job.

Every so often George went aft to see how the fire progressed, and found great volumes of black smoke vomiting from the hold, making the men choke and stagger as they tried to keep the hoses directed below.

"Haven't seen any flame for more'n an hour," gasped the second mate. "I think we've got it."

"Don't be too sure," said George, grimly. "And what's worse, the sea's rising."

That was true. An easiness was creeping into the swell and the wind was beginning to shred the fog. George climbed on the bridge to look at the glass, found it was falling and then went down to his father's room. Captain Waring was conscious for the moment, but utterly helpless, and seemed paralysed below the waist. George gave him a short report and the captain groaned.

"Well, she's all yours, George," he whispered. "Your first command."

His son looked at him queerly. His first command. Well, that was true in a way. He was in charge. Whatever he said would be law. He was fascinated by the idea as it grew on him. The *Mohawk* was in a bad way. There was ugly weather coming up. The coast was not more than forty miles to the east, and the boats would easily make it. The *Mohawk* could go to the bottom and that would be the end of heartache and irritation and the deadly thing called duty. Captain Waring would not suffer, with the insurance to carry him on. And his son would not feel sick inside because he wished a life that his father opposed. It would be very easy. He looked at the portraits of the Warings and drew his lips back from his clenched teeth. Yes, very easy.

"You'd better come, sir," said the bos'n, bursting into the cabin. "The collision mat's giving way!"

"All right," said George, dully. He looked at his father and their eyes met. Something curious passed between them and, as if reading his son's thoughts the old man muttered, resigned: "Abandon, if you think it best. The *Mohawk's* yours."

"I'm not sure," said George, uncertainly, and then stopped. His father had lapsed into unconsciousness again.

"Stay with him," George ordered the frightened steward, and ran down to the main deck. The collision mat was chafing apart against the sharp steel edges of the ripped plates, the surging sea working it back and forth. George leaned over the rail for a long look and the bos'n touched his arm.

"The men figure we ought to leave her while there's time, sir," he said, respectfully. "They sent me to ask you. We can't fight the leak and the fire both, not with the weather making."

Sudden guilty fury rose in the mate and he whipped about, snarling.

"You tell the men I'll decide whether we'll abandon or not! Get to hell back and tell them!" The bos'n fled. "Start making another collision mat," George ordered his own crew. "We'll use wire rope this time. Pad mattresses between the canvas and the wire. That'll stop the chafing for a while."

The fog thinned away before dark, and the wind came whining cold from the west, inching the *Mohawk* towards the iron coast. The sea rose until the combers were topped with white and the heavy sprays smashed over the rail and dripped from the rigging. There was water in the engine room, and most of the steam was needed for the for'ard pumps, but the chief managed to get the engine going at slow ahead, and George steered the ship for a sheltered cove where was a slowly shallowing sand bottom on which the freighter could safely rest until such time as she could be salvaged. He wondered what Evelyn would want him to do. Let the damned ship go? It would certainly solve a lot of things. He cursed and worked on.

It was towards dawn, with the wind a howling torrent and the sullen seas beginning to break clear over the deck, when the second mate found George on the bridge.

"There's no more we can do, sir," he protested. "The men are about worn out. If this gets any worse we'll founder. The collision mat's going again and the smoke's seeping thick out of the very deck, aft."

"We can make the cove by noon," George muttered. He stared into the smother, his eyes red-rimmed and aching.

"If we last that long," said the second, grimly. "And if we don't smash on the reefs before then. The men want to chance it in the boats before the sea gets too high for launching. There's plenty of beach; we can make safe landing." He pointed where the line of the coast loomed vaguely abeam. "The cove's a long way yet."

George felt the *Mohawk* shudder all along her length as a comber boarded her and swept her. It was as if someone had given him a blow, too. Instinctively and through the very soles of his shoes he sensed the loggy condition of the freighter, as he also sensed she was still fighting. He had damned the *Mohawk* and all that she had meant so many times, but he could not find it in his heart to damn her now. It was like kicking a man when he was down. And it came to him with a queer shock that a world in which there was no *Mohawk* would be a very strange one. Why the *Mohawk* was the only home he had known. He was part of her. Another great sea roared across the scuppers with a wrenching crack that set the teeth on edge, and made something give way inside George Waring, too. He leaned over the rail and cursed the sea.

"Leave her alone! You leave her alone!" he shouted, hysterically. "She's my ship, damn you!"

He swung back to the second and shook him savagely.

"Take the boats—hell! We'll make the cove or go under. Get every spare man below to keep up steam. As long as they turn the engine and pumps over we've got a chance."

"But, good God, sir, she can't last. She might even blow up. That damned fire."

The mate put his face very close to the other man's and took him by the throat.

"Do you want me to chase you below with a gun?" he choked. "Get to hell out of here and do as I say. She'll last! Shouldn't I know? I've served her over twenty years! Get out!" The second mate ran. What could you do with someone insane? She would not last, not if the sea continued to make, and it was. It would smash in the hatches, tear the collision mat apart. But whatever happened George Waring understood now that he must bring her in, or go down with her. He prayed for a miracle.

Down in his father's cabin he found the old man still unconscious and the exhausted steward asleep. He knocked the man awake and ordered him to make coffee, and then he looked at the portraits of other Warings staring down at him.

"All right," he said bitterly. "You've got your way. Now I hope you're satisfied. Damn you!" He took a stiff drink of whisky with the coffee and went back on deck to stand by the helmsman. Evelyn wouldn't marry him now, not if he saved the *Mohawk* and stayed with her, as he knew he would. No, Evelyn was too sensible and she didn't want a husband who was only a signature on a letter. He didn't blame her. He laughed a little and prayed the collision mat would hold for a few hours yet, and that the fire would remain quiet.

It was early afternoon when Captain Waring became conscious again, to find himself in a hospital bed with a nurse on one side of him and a doctor on the other. He was a few minutes remembering and then the doctor shook his head as he tried to talk.

"You'll be quite all right," the doctor said. "Mostly shock."

After that there was a pause, and opening his eyes again Captain Waring saw his son, hollow-eyed, unshaven and very grim.

"I got her into Bram's Cove, sir, and beached her. She'll take a little work, but she's sound. The gale nearly finished us . but you wouldn't remember . . . and anyway we had a miracle. Ran into the kelp beds and that held the sea."

Captain Waring nodded. The great kelp beds of the coast, vast areas of weed, acted upon roaring combers like thick oil, smothering the crests, reducing walls of breaking white water to mere swollen swells that were comparatively harmless. Goerge looked at his skinned raw hands.

"I guess I won't be getting married after all, sir," he went on, quietly, "I'm sticking with the *Mohawk*. I guess I didn't know what she meant until . . . we nearly lost her."

"But Evelyn," Captain Waring managed. George shook his head and made a despairing gesture of final renunciation.

"She'll never take a sailor. That's one thing she's set on. When she marries she wants to be with her husband."

Captain Waring smiled weakly.

"George," he whispered. "Has it never occurred to you that the Warings always take their wives to sea with them?"

His son stared at him for a long moment, and then comprehension dawned. He whipped about and headed for the door.

"I'll be back," he promised, huskily. "But right now I've got to telegraph."

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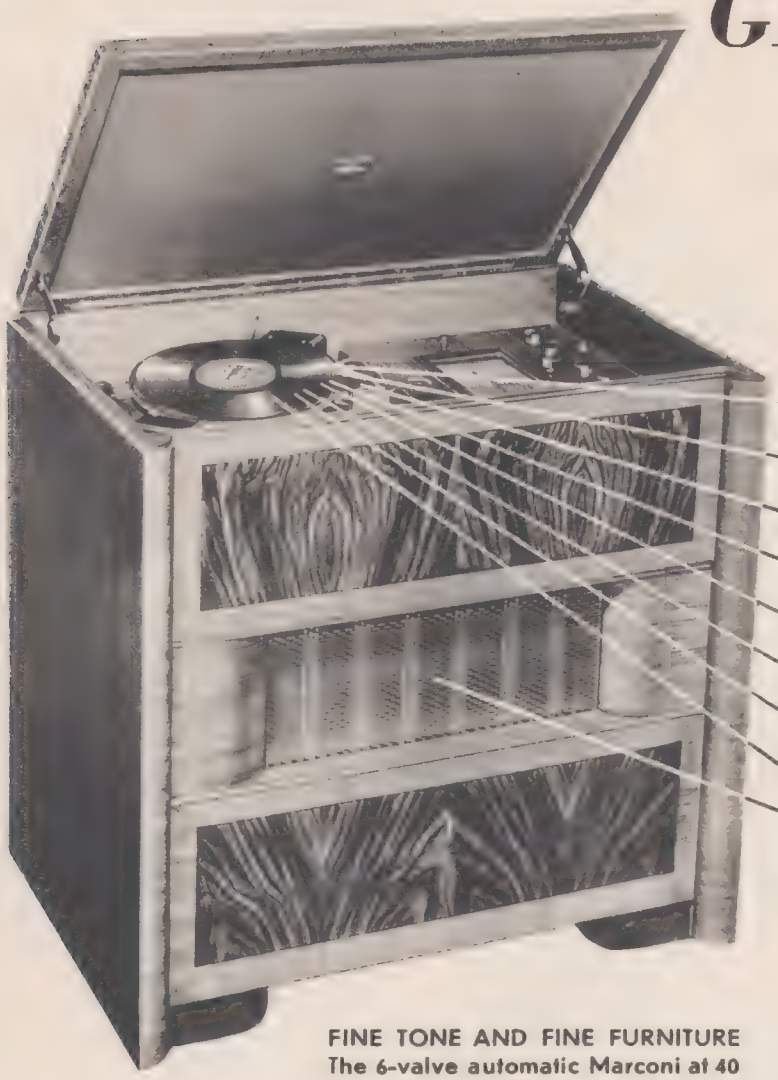

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"Thanks for the advice," said Grandpa, drily, as he drew out his packet of Gold Flake. "But you can't teach your Grandfather to smoke Gold Flake."

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PRACTICAL joking seems to have become a fine art with Bobby Howes, the little comedian who is co-starring with Jean Gillie in the Jack Buchanan production, *Sweet Devil*. During the making of the film at Pinewood studios in Buckinghamshire, his sense of humour became a constant menace to the peace of mind of other actors and actresses. In fact, the whole staff went in fear of his "rags."

For instance, when Sydney Walker's shoes were left on the floor of a set to mark a camera position, he screwed them down, causing the portly Sydney to measure his length face downwards on the ground. And in that particular "take" Sydney was carrying a tray of glasses appropriate to the role of butler!

When told not to do it again, Bobby contented himself with tying Sydney's shoelaces together while the other snoozed in a corner, thus achieving the same result.

On every dressing-room door at Pinewood there is a metal plate with the name of the artiste occupying the room painted on it. So Bobby had fun changing the plates around. Ellis Jeffreys' room became that of Wally Patch (who was working on another picture,) Wally Patch's became Hazel Terry's, Hazel Terry's Sydney Walker's, and Sydney Walker's in turn that of Ellis Jeffreys.

But Sydney Walker had his revenge. Bobby's room was at the end of a dressing-room corridor, adjoining the main corridor, and Sydney merely replaced Bobby's name with a plate marked "Gentlemen."

★ If you're making yourself a blouse to wear under your suit, or a dress with a shirt-waist top, try the effect of fastening the front with studs, like a man's evening dress shirt.

I have seen a black blouse look really charming with pearl studs, and an emerald green blouse fastened with black studs worn with a black suit looks stunning. To complete the picture, you should fasten the cuffs of the sleeves with cuff links.

There is a practical side to this latest whim of fashion, too, for think of the times you have had a blouse spoiled by the metal backs of covered buttons staining the material. And how many times have you grumbled when you have been ironing round about the buttons?

There always seems to be about an inch round each button which resists the efforts of the iron. Studs will save all that.

★ Sometimes I get letters from men readers. They are always rather sheepish about writing to me and usually start by saying, "I know I shouldn't be writing to you," "I hope you won't mind a question from a mere man," "I realise that your page is not written for me to read, but I do read it and I wonder whether you can help me with my problem." And so on!

Their problems are always the same. Bald heads and falling hair! Also I receive letters from women readers about this trouble and I think, therefore, that a paragraph here might help them all.

First of all, health often has a lot to do with the condition of the scalp. Dyspepsia and nervous troubles such as neuralgia, insufficient nourishing food and so on, are often the direct cause of falling hair and dandruff. So perhaps you should consult your doctor if you are troubled in this way.

Meanwhile, I think we are all inclined to neglect our hairbrushes. After all, life and vitality is given to the hair by the free use of brushes that are far too often just ornaments on the dressing table. You should have two brushes, one a penetrating brush (but not hard enough to irritate the scalp,) the other a softer brush as a sort of "finisher-off" which will beautify the hair, polish it and help it to curl.

Now that you have been told to do all the things you should do, even before your hair asks for more attention, let me tell you of an external application that will help things still more.

Baldness is often caused by the outer coat of skin becoming hard and dry and

VIRGINIA HALL'S PAGE

so thickened that it prevents the hair coming through to the surface. It is a fallacy to suppose that all cases of baldness are due to the hair roots being dead and I would advise all readers who are worried about the condition of their hair to try this preparation.

You merely rub it on to the bald patches and around the roots of the surrounding hair twice a day, bearing in mind that massage of the parts affected is a great help, as it loosens the hard, tense skin, creating circulation and helping the hair to grow.

The scalp must be loosened and made movable, so massage it well, applying this delightfully, but simply-scented preparation, all the time.

I have made special arrangements with the manufacturers whereby readers of PASSING SHOW can buy a 5s. 6d. bottle for 3s. 6d., post free. This large bottle will last a long time, so if you are interested, write to me, marking your letter "Scalp."

★ Here's an idea that will not only help you to save money while flowers remain expensive, but also provide you with something to help in cheering up your rooms during the dull days.

You want some twigs (ash are best because they have pointed buds and the branch-like twigs shoot out from the central branch at angles that make them easier to arrange in vases,) bright coloured, quick drying paint (which you can buy for sixpence,) a paintbrush and an hour of your time and you will have some most attractive decorations.

I have seen these tree twigs painted in gold. The effect was lovely. You can also paint laurel leaves gold to mix with more spiky twigs and you will have a vase that is sure to be admired.

★ One of the "snags" of cooking is that everything seems to want attention at the same time. For that reason I am always glad to hear of one part of a meal that you can pop in the oven and forget while you concentrate on the vegetables and the sweet. Well here is such a way of cooking gammon rashers !

Mix a small teaspoonful of made mustard (rather liquid) with a large tablespoonful of castor sugar. Smear the gammon rashers with this mixture and put them in a covered dish in half a pint of milk. Set the oven at No. 3 Regulo (that is, very low) pop in the dish containing the rashers and leave it for 1¼ hours.

Serve the rashers fairly dry, and the milky gravy as a sauce. If you try this recipe on your husband one evening you'll get more credit than is really due to you, for it tastes so good that one is inclined to think it must be difficult to cook. And it's just the opposite !

★ A friend of mine, a girl called Betty, is a milliner with one of those exclusive little shops with only one hat in the window, but that hat a masterpiece !

Although she has several girls working for her, she makes a number of models herself. Just a twist of felt on your head in Betty's artistic hands becomes something that will make you the envy of all your friends.

Those artistic hands have always been rather a marvel to me. I have known other girls who work with felt and their hands have always been unsightly. Maybe they have been shapely, but one would have thought they spent their time cleaning grates. This is due to the colour of the felts becoming ingrained into the skin.

Not so Betty. Her hands are lovely and I've discovered how she manages it. This week-end she has been staying with me, and on Saturday morning when I went into her room to call her I noticed that she was wearing the cutest little gloves. They were of a pink cellular fabric, caught at the wrist and bound in blue. Very feminine.

"So that's the secret of your well-kept hands?" I said. "That's no secret," she said. "I'll tell you all about them."

So I learned that these gloves are made of medicated fabric that feeds the pores and softens and whitens the skin. Draw them over your hands, hop into bed, snip off the light and they'll do all their beautifying work while you're dreaming ! It's as simple as that.

These gloves cost only 5s. which includes a bottle of re-medicating lotion. The outfit will last for three months at least, and if you want to know more, I'll be happy to tell you. Mark your envelope "Gloves."

If you are interested in any of the things mentioned in this page please write to Virginia Hall, c/o "The Passing Show," 92 Long Acre, W.C.2, for she is very willing to help in such matters

These wintry cold evenings have many drawbacks, but they do give you a chance to appreciate the warmth and comfort of your own home. How necessary then, to have everything which can make this comfort complete—a bright fire, a good book, and above all, a comfortable Easy Chair. The Berkeley Superlax is the ideal fireside chair, for it suits everyone—tall or short—and with its patented automatic action any position can be obtained without making any adjustment, or leaving the chair.

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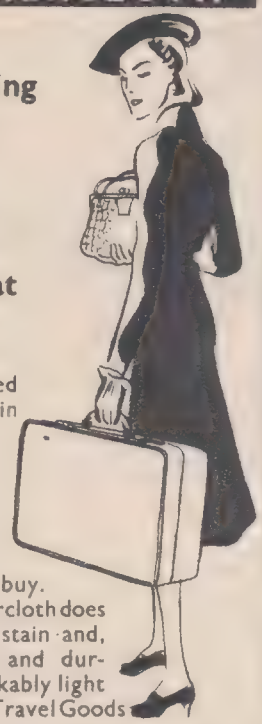

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MY MÁLAGA ADVENTURE BY SIR PETER CHALMERS MITCHELL

Having retired to peaceful, sunny Málaga, Sir Peter, 73-year-old biologist and former chief of London's Zoo, suddenly finds himself in the midst of a civil war. When the Government troops take possession of the town, he shelters the family of a neighbour, aristocratic Tomas Bolin, who has Franco sympathies and is eventually imprisoned. While Bolin is in prison, Sir Peter is looking after Doña Mercedes Bolin, her five daughters and their grandmother and is keeping an eye on their unoccupied mansion, which is constantly being searched by Government patrols.

This is the second of four extracts from Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell's book "My House in Málaga" published this week by Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.

HOW I SAVED THE BOLINS

BRITISH residents and visitors began to leave Málaga with the first returning ship after the rebellion. Mr. Clissold, acting-consul, sent his wife and daughter to Gibraltar, but after a few weeks they returned. The daughter, a girl in her teens, was always at the Consulate with her father, assisting with typing and, like her mother, showing the greatest bravery and helpfulness.

The honorary secretary of the British Club and the manager of the iron-oxide works, both of whom had been in Spain for many years and knew the Spaniards intimately, stayed on until much later.

They were convinced of their personal security, except from rebel bombing, so long as they did not interfere in Spanish politics; and each in a quiet and unostentatious way did much to assist those who were more timid.

I was bitterly reproached by other British residents for compromising all of them by harbouring "Rights;" within a day or two after the rebellion all of them had turned out of their houses personal Spanish friends, who had taken refuge with them during the incendiarism. And as steamer after steamer gave the opportunity, first a few of the residents and most of the visitors and then, gradually, nearly all the residents left. No doubt they were wise. They were out of sympathy with the legitimate Government of Spain and uninformed, or careless, about the issues at stake.

Later, when bombardments and air raids with the consequent reprisals were more frequent, there was better reason for them to go. Although food conditions did not approach privation until late autumn, when refugees poured into Málaga before the advancing rebel hordes, both food and housing became steadily worse, and the streets had an air of sad discomposure, broken only by the public funerals of heroes and the cheering of troops going to the fronts.

No doubt refugees have behaved in the same fashion, all the world over and in every historical epoch. Partly to thrill their hearers and partly to excuse themselves, for even the meanest-souled person likes to give a convincing explanation of why he or she ran away, they give appalling accounts of the terrors from which they have escaped.

Refugees from Málaga were no exception, and even those who left in the early days and never had been in the slightest danger, made the worst possible impression in Gibraltar. Those who left later and had been unbalanced by actual danger, had more excuse, but made willing attempts to satisfy the insatiable lust for horrors.

When I reached Gibraltar from Málaga in October, I was told by a stranger in the hotel that the day before, persons had been thrown out of upper floor windows in the main street and left to die on the ground. When I stated mild doubts, the narrator insisted with details, and was not even disconcerted when I told him that I had been in Málaga the day before myself, and from the particulars he gave I must have known if anything of the kind had happened.

When I arrived at Gibraltar from Málaga in February of the next year, I was told precisely the same story with more definite details as having happened just before the Italian troops captured the town!

Certainly evil things took place in Málaga. The word "atrocity" has been used freely and, in the first place, connotes in the minds of those who hear it, cruel wickedness such as the burning of people alive, the crucifying of priests, the deliberate blinding or killing of children, the raping of nuns, the mutilation of dead bodies.

No other Englishman went about more freely in Málaga or had more direct relations with and access to the various committees, including the dreaded F.A.I., than I myself. That freedom and those relations arose from my efforts to protect my refugees, but they did arise, and gave me unique opportunities of observation.

Except during the incendiarism of the first two days, when at least one private chapel attached to a mansion was burnt, no churches were burnt or sacked. Much later, actually in January when the housing of refugees became almost impossible, the cathedral, which had been locked up, was opened, the high altar and the screened area in front of it were enclosed with a tall wall of planks, and the side-chapels had their furniture and ornaments removed and stored.

On the stone floor of the aisles and side chapels, some hundreds of poor families staked out their claims for their members and the poor chattels they had been able

"We never became accustomed to the air-raids, although we had plenty of opportunity; and when the 'planes were bombing the harbour, we could venture into the garden and watch the bombs falling, and the soft snowballs of the counter-attack"

to carry away. A committee of voluntary women did what they could to keep order, and two proletarian committees attended to sanitation and provisioning.

Other families of refugees were occupying two natural caves, usually the shelter of goats, up the valley from my house. I visited the caves and the cathedral several times, and rejoiced at the relative comfort of the consecrated place.

Desecration!

You may call it that. I call it the greatest work of charity ever performed by the cathedral in its long history. When Málaga was about to fall, the refugees from the caves and the cathedral joined the sad throng toiling along the road towards Motril, taking what they could with them.

A London journalist coming into Málaga in the wake of the victorious hordes, wrote a lurid paragraph about the desecrated cathedral and the cartloads of rubbish that would have to be removed with it.

Have you ever been into a house from which even in peace time even well-to-do tenants have removed their belongings with the aid of skilled packers, and seen the refuse left behind? My own garage was occupied by three families, the children sleeping inside the car, the others above it, or on the concrete floor. Somehow they had found sheets to cover the cushions and the wings, and daily they scrubbed out the floor, dusted the car, and swept the part of the lane outside where the children played. But they, too, left in a hurry and not very tidily!

No nuns were raped. Certainly many of them disappeared from public view, but some of them I know to have been kept in the houses of persons who were in sympathy with the republic, or were strictly neutral. One sisterhood stayed on until the middle of September when they were given passes, on the pretext, I think, that the Mother Superior was of French nationality and were taken to Gibraltar on one of the British ships.

When they were on the point of entering the British tender, all formalities completed, one of them thought it her duty to stay, and came back!

But the killing of persons without trial, whether they were taken in their houses, or from hiding, certainly is an evil and terrible thing, although I am not sure that when it happened in Málaga it was an innovation committed by these terrible "Reds," unknown in ordinary war, or still less in civil war. And if it were clean shooting, I think it is giving it a wrong emotional colour to rank it under "atrocities."

In the first few days after the rebellion, suspected persons, unless they offered armed resistance, were almost invariably taken to the Gobierno Civil, as in the case of Don Tomas Bolin and after a preliminary examination were released or sent to the prison. But as air-raids increased and especially as Queipo de Llano, on the Seville radio, boasted that he was getting complete information of all that happened in Málaga and sometimes proved his boasts by relating exact facts, the fear of traitors and spies, always active in war, and the anger with them increased.

The proper authorities were thought to be lax, or even suspected of connivance, and a self-appointed vigilance committee, some of whom certainly were anarchists, took matters into its own hands. Suspected persons were taken from their houses, nearly always at dusk or after nightfall, in a car, driven out by the roadside and shot. The process, by a Spanish adaptation from American gangster films, was called taking a victim for a "paseito!"—a ride.

Later on when from my connection with a hospital I was well known, a black-and-red flagged car often used to pull up when it passed me, and ask whether I wished to be taken anywhere.

If convenient I often accepted, but sometimes said in the grim humour pleasant to Spaniards, "But not a paseito!" They would reply with a grin, "*Si, si, pero èsta vez, paseito de familia*" ("Certainly, but a family trip this time.")

Two of the places selected for these killings were on the Camino Nuevo and in a small lane, both close to my house. A good many times, sitting in the garden, we heard a car stop, a sudden splutter of shots, a final coup-de-grace and then the car moved off. Spanish law declares that a body found out of doors must not be touched until it has been duly examined by the police. With the dislocation of the ordinary civil arrangements, sometimes a body lay for many hours until it was examined and removed.

At first I was eager to see what had happened and, later on when we had Don Tomas out of gaol and placed in a hospital close by, I examined every body within range, to satisfy my guests that he had not been the victim. In no case was there any sign of mutilation or anything except clean shooting.

Usually a little crowd of persons, including women and children, stopped to look at the body as they passed and they showed neither dismay nor anger, but only an almost reverent curiosity.

As the weeks went on, murders of that kind ceased, and everyone who carried a lethal weapon was required to have with him an identity card and a signed permit.

Even in the last few hours before Málaga fell, there was no massacre of prisoners. It was after the early air-raids that the summary executions took place and even then, some attempt at selection was made, the names of the victims being called from a prepared list.

Executions were prompt, and there was no additional horror like making those about to be shot dig their own graves. It is true that at least two women belonging to wealthy and well-known families in Málaga, were shot and that very naturally, excited horror and indignation among their relatives who were in Gibraltar, having escaped before, and among British refugees who knew them personally or by name.

But the families of these were deeply implicated in the plot and the actual rebellion, and I know that many of the wealthy Spanish women were among the most outspoken, selfish and thoughtless enemies of the republic and friends of reaction.

I came in contact with the various proletarian parties and committees mainly because I was sheltering the Bolins. From early days I ought to have realised that they were open to more suspicion than I had imagined. I had believed them when they said that neither they, nor any of their relatives in Málaga had ever supported or been implicated in any of the reactionary bodies or schemes.

Besides, I had become devoted to the five girls, and had a high respect for the bravery of Doña Mercedes and her qualities as a mother and wife. Old Doña Maria delighted me as a type I had never before come across. A wholly unreal abstraction of all the sentiments and ideas of the very rich, with nothing human about her except the easy and sincere grace of her beautiful manners.

Don Tomas, through all the early weeks, was in prison and although neither at first nor later did I reach any respect for him, I took him for granted on the estimate of his wife. But I see now that the family and the house were under suspicion from the first.

For weeks, scarcely a day passed without a car coming up the avenue, and if I were not already in the garden, one of the girls ran into my study to warn me. I cannot count the number of times that, hurriedly putting more cigarettes in my pocket, I rushed down the garden, crossed the brook and panted up the other side.

The porter always had already opened the gates; sometimes the search party was waiting just inside them; sometimes, leaving the car, they had gone up the inner avenue to the house itself. To me they were always civil and, although they were armed and often in the roughest of clothing, unshaven and determined, there was no presentation of revolvers.

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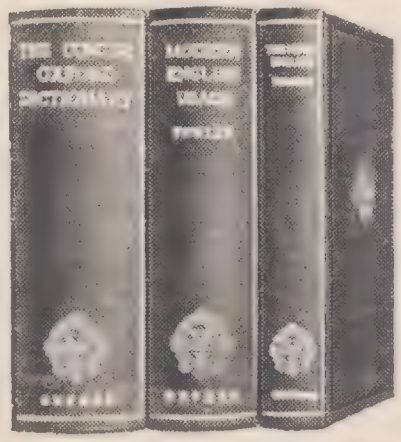

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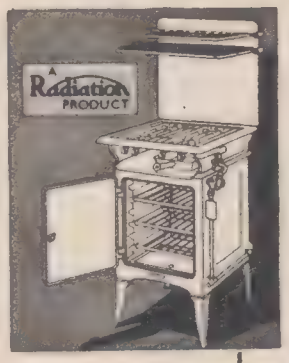

"Although I am not a very precise sort of person I find precision cooking so delightfully easy that I don't even have to bother about being precise. Now, I ask you, what could be easier than to place the whole meal in the oven—joint, vegetables, and sweet—and forget all about it until it's time for it to come out again, then collect compliments for my marvellous cookery? In a way it doesn't seem fair; but I must confess I like it."

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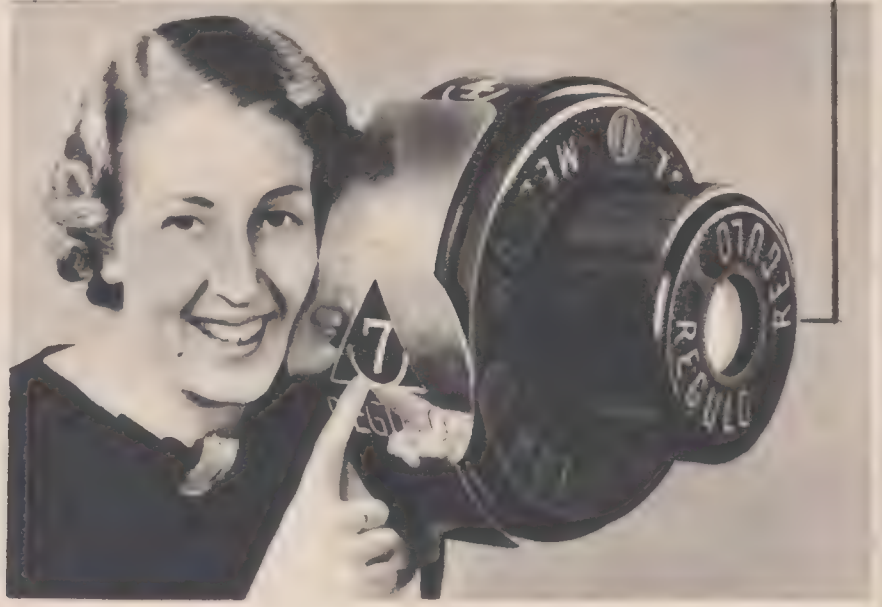

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but usually specifically excluding the right to arrest, or detain, any person.

I explained that the lady of the house was staying with me and had the keys, for which I would send. At first I would go back and explain to Doña Mercedes that there was nothing to fear. Later we had a prearranged signal, and I used to sit chatting with the party until she came over. Every search seemed to have a different object.

Once, for example, it was in quest of hidden arms, and we went through from room to room upstairs and downstairs, when they opened cupboards and wardrobes and searched behind the books in the library. On one of these specially directed searches, we went first into the library and great ballroom, and after they had opened the grand piano and a music stand and were contented and about to go up the great staircase, we passed a door.

"What is that?" asked the leader.

"You needn't trouble about that; it is only the chapel."

"The chapel! We must see that."

And so the door was unlocked. The leader pushed back one of the men who was smoking a cigarette and went in with Doña Mercedes. He examined the altar, raised its embroidered cloth, looked meticulously all round the walls, tapping them here and there, went into the vestment room, turned over the gorgeous silks and satins, and then came out.

"Now," he said, "we have only to go up to the top of the house to examine the water tanks"; adding in an aside to me: "It is in the tanks and the chapels that we find stores of weapons."

Presently they all trooped down smiling, and the leader said, as pleased as we were, that the house was all right and he would report that it was not to be searched again. But it was searched again, many times.

Except for air raids, which were unpleasant, especially as the rebels had the tiresome habit of sending 'planes over us at any time of the day and night, so keeping our nerves on the stretch, life was not difficult in Málaga during August and September, for those who were not under suspicion.

The air raid warning was given to us by the Cathedral bells, but, as it happened, the wind often carried the sound away and our first real signal was the droning of the 'planes overhead, or the actual explosions.

After consideration, I decided that the *sala* in my house was the safest place, except for a direct hit, as it was surrounded by other rooms on all sides except the front which, fortunately, had strong doors and shutters.

I had a place for everyone and the routine was that when the signal came, or we knew otherwise, everyone took his place, covering his head with his own cushion or pillow. Actually there was no direct hit, or I should not be writing this; but the outer rooms got their splashing several times, windows being broken, roofs cracked, the tiles of an upstairs bathroom thrown out, and very unwelcome pieces of twisted metal lodged in the garden, or crashed on the roof.

An order was issued that, on a warning being given after dark, every light was to be extinguished or made invisible from outside, with the threat that houses breaking the rules might be fired at. One evening Doña Maria; tidying upstairs for dinner, declared that a bullet had splashed on her shutters, which had not been effectively closed.

From eight to ten in the evening was a favourite time for these summer air raid warnings and I made it a rule, partly as a discipline for my own nerves and also for those of the servants and my guests, that we should have our evening meals as usual even if a signal had come.

The small indoors dining-room and the passage from it to the kitchen and the kitchen could be shuttered so that the gleam of one or two candles was invisible from outside. Sometimes we were able to finish in peace, sometimes the sound of a bomb made us blow out the candles and hurry to our stations in the *sala*.

By day, in all the central parts of the town, everything seemed normal until life was interrupted by an air raid, and that was hardly over when the usual bustle began again. Trams and buses were running, the little train along the shore shrieked and hooted as usual.

A few trains left the central station, and taxis stood waiting for hire. It would have been possible to get a permit to use my own car and buy petrol, but it seemed unfair to use it for merely private purposes. Later on I offered to lend it to one of the committees for the transport of wounded men. I was thanked most cordially and told that if it became necessary they would ask for it, but that if they did have to borrow it, they feared it "would not be much of a car when they returned it."

Shops and the market were open as usual. I was able to buy underclothing for myself, and a stock of socks, shirts and so forth, for a hospital. My white suits went regularly to be cleaned on Sunday afternoons. For some strange reason, although we often had a raid on Sunday mornings, the afternoons were peaceable and the girls and I climbed a hill close by from where we could look over the whole town and the harbour.

Women and children in their best, sometimes with their husbands, sometimes alone, promenaded as usual. On weekdays the harbour gates were open, unguarded, and I often went in to the port to see what was doing. I took the older girls in turn for a walk into the centre of the town, sometimes simply idly, sometimes for shopping; once to the dentist, where the door was opened by a nurse in uniform and the waiting-room had the familiar stock of ancient illustrated newspapers.

We had pastries in our favourite shop and went to the British club for iced lemonade. Houses in a dangerous condition from the original incendiarism, or from bombs, were being shored up, or demolished, the wood being saved carefully, and rebuilding was in active progress.

All our troubles with searchers and committees disappeared suddenly. Roberto and Vicente, two officials with whom I had made friends, came to say that their duties made it impossible for them to use the rooms we had set apart for them in the Bolin's house, but they did not know how to find accommodation for the increasing number of wounded men, and could we possibly agree to house them?

The Señora resisted the proposal stoutly at first, saying that the anarchists intended to turn the mansion and walled-garden into a fortress for the defence of Málaga, for which, indeed, it was very suitable from its structure, and as it commanded one of the valleys of approach.

But in the end I persuaded her (although she fought over the matter almost room by room), telling her that the house might be requisitioned by any of the committees, but that from my knowledge of human nature I was sure that Roberto and Vicente were wholly to be trusted, and that we should have powerful friends.

Next day we went through the house with them and arranged that huge rooms at the top, and the chapel, should be used for storing the furniture and that some suites of rooms on the first floor with the more personal possessions of the Bolins should be reserved. Presently two lorry-loads of sturdy and cheerful anarchists, men and women, arrived.

Sentries were placed at the gates and under the direction of an extremely competent organiser, whom I shall call Lobo (after his work was done, a little against anarchist principles, he accepted a commission in the Army of the People and went to the front at Madrid), the transformation was made.

Day after day Doña Mercedes went over to direct the storing of the books, pictures and furniture. At first, I went with her, but she found all the anarchists, and especially Lobo, so courteous to her and so helpful and considerate, that she had no fears.

How it was all done I do not know, but before long there was a completely well-equipped modern operating-room, a clinical room, a room for drugs and records, mess-rooms, kitchens and well-arranged wards. A visiting surgeon came daily; there were a resident surgeon, a dispenser, a secretary with typewriter, nurses in uniform, at least two of them well trained, and all willing.

For an emergency hospital it was almost a miracle, and the only cause of surprise to a visitor accustomed to the discipline of an ordinary hospital, was the complete and free equality of everyone, from the women who washed the floors, to the doctors, the linen-maids,

cooks and patients. Yet real discipline was kept.

Looking back, I try to recall the atmosphere in which the events I have been relating took place. We never became accustomed to the air-raids, although we had plenty of opportunity. Sometimes they happened for several days in succession; sometimes we had freedom from them for a week.

When the planes were bombing the harbour, the westward part of the town, or the plain running north-west towards the aerodrome, we could venture into the garden and even watch the bombs falling and the soft snowballs of the counter-attack, fluffing, alas, always some way under them.

One morning the Mexican consul came over early to ask me to get a seal or a signature from the Civil Governor or from one of the committees for one of his protégés of dubious nationality. There were a few bombs, but far from us, and we went on discussing what he wished me to do.

Then we saw a great cumulus of black smoke rising behind the hill which separated us from central Málaga. We rushed up the hill and lay panting on the crest. Beyond the harbour entrance a warehouse was blazing and in front of it and almost touching it, rose the volcano.

"God!" cried Porphyrio, "they have hit the oil and gasoline reservoirs! It is the heavy oil blazing now, but the flames are certain to reach the petrol."

We lay flat, our hands over our heads, waiting for the explosion that would shatter central Málaga and even send its crashing reverberations against us. But presently we saw men like a stream of disturbed ants, at first distractedly running about, and then forming into two thin lines, one towards the flames another coming from them, trying to save the petrol.

Most of the heavy oil could not be saved, and for several days a column of smoke, turning by night into a pillar of fire, rose perhaps a hundred feet into the air and then, bending in the breeze, swelled into a trail of drifting cloud. But the petrol was saved.

Another morning a bank of low fog stretched a blunt arm over the harbour, and out of it two planes swept down like projectiles themselves, rose up in a curve and passed out to sea. But in their course they had contrived to hit the largest of the Government's men-of-war, which, however, was able next day to limp, under its own steam to Valencia, where it was patched up.

Most of the raids, however, seemed purposeless; mere acts of terrorism; amusing exploits for the hostile airmen and almost without danger, for our defences were pitiful. For a few days we had some planes of our own, and these swiftly drove off the enemy attacks. But the Government planes were withdrawn, perhaps because there was more urgent need of them elsewhere. The weather was magnificent all that summer, and Franco's young men could have their sport, destroying a house here or there, and always killing men, women and children.

All was going extremely well and we had a few almost happy days. Then suddenly the acting-consul called another meeting of the few English left. He had information that the final assault on Málaga might take place almost at any moment. He had arranged that the British warship should anchor just off the Caleta Palace Hotel, and that when the pinch came, boats guarded by blue-jackets should be landed alongside the hotel to take off the British subjects.

Thinking it over, as I went sadly back to the villa, I decided that while it was quite possible for Doña Mercedes and me to creep down the back lane, even with luck to pick up Tomas from the hospital and push our way to the boats, through the inevitable crowd of frantic Spaniards, it was hopeless to think of getting the old lady and the five girls through such a struggle.

Also, I was not prepared to abandon my servants who had been so faithful to me. Doña Mercedes agreed about the girls, but thought it foolish to trouble about the servants "who, after all, were of the class that had made the rebellion necessary."

That particular scare, like two other scares and consular plans much later on, came to nothing. But I insisted that the grandmother and the children should leave, and another air-raid, very close to us, reinforced my view.

Accordingly we packed up, and on the morning the British ship was to leave, got down to the harbour in two taxis without any trouble. But the police official, who was in an unpleasant mood, was prepared to pass the girls but insisted that Doña Maria's sudden resumption of nationality was invalid and refused to pass her.

I called to Clissold, who, as usual was helping the other British subjects, and urged him to take a stand on British authority; it was for him and not for a policeman to decide who was British. He had a few gentle words with the police, but came back shaking his head disconsolately.

I hurried poor old Doña Maria, tottering on her smart shoes, and very naturally in a state of bewildered fright, to the Gobierno Civil, got through to the secretary who assured me that it was all right and that he would telephone to the police at once.

Back he went. The police had received the telephone message but still refused. The consul tried again, but without avail. I asked him to persuade the captain to keep back one of the boats, seized the insufficient pass and dashed off to the Committee de Enlace in a back street close to the Gobierno Civil.

I hurried, politely but resolutely, through the usual crowd, passed between the armed sentries and got into the inner room. Pointing to the document with their seal on it, I said as best I could:

"See here, the dock police are refusing to acknowledge your permit and the Civil Governor can do nothing about it."

The chief, looking up from a mass of papers, asked what it was all about, glancing only at the seal of the committee on the document I held out.

"Only the words, the British consul says that she is a British subject, but there is something here saying that she was married to a Spaniard."

"But we have already passed her. We are willing to do all we can for you English. Tell the señorita (pointing to a pretty young typist) what you wish said, and she'll type out a new certificate."

I explained that she must write "Doña Maria, declared a British subject by the British consul, has permission to leave Málaga in charge of her five young granddaughters." It was typed, the chief signed it, affixed the seal.

"Take that to the Gobierno Civil and tell them to add their stamp," he said, with a smile.

"But the ship is waiting and it takes a long time to get to the Governor."

"Does it?" he said, and calling an armed attendant, added: "Go with the señor and get this signed."

We weren't half a minute in the Civil Governor's office and I rushed back to the port; the police had nothing to say and in a few minutes the last ship's boat left, to our great relief, taking the five

(*please turn over*)

Watch for this Poster!

Let us explain: Black Magic are the wonderful chocolates which Society is preferring even to 5 - a pound chocolates! One reason is, they contain the twelve delicious "centres" that were proved by test to be the most popular. How can Rowntrees sell these really superb chocolates for only 2 10 a pound? The answer is — by packing them in simple black boxes without any extravagant decorations or tinfoil.

girls and Doña Maria to Gibraltar on their way to Portugal.

In a week or so we had news of their safe arrival. The acting-consul was as pleased as anyone, but he was under the strictest injunctions from the British Government, through the authorities at Gibraltar, not to assist in the evacuation of anyone whose papers were not recognised as completely in order by the regular Spanish authorities. And he was always dubious about my methods of getting things done, if they could be done, through the irregular committees representing forces, which I am sure that he personally, and the Gibraltar authorities feared and disliked.

For a few days, things were fairly quiet. I had more leisure as Doña Mercedes was often with her husband, and I got through a lot of writing and reading, preparing notes and materials for a book on the psychological factors of the war, as I was gathering them from the publication of both sides, from long talks with the anarchists on the one hand and Doña Mercedes on the other. I went every day to the hospital, being free of the whole house and, indeed, constantly pressed to see in what good order they were keeping everything.

But the air-raids became more and more violent; more and more wounded men kept pouring into the town and more and more civilians were killed or wounded. Perhaps, not unnaturally, the nerves of Don Tomas broke down completely, especially when a small boy, who had been badly wounded in a raid, became a patient and a pet of the other patients in the hospital in which he was.

He was certain that the other patients would shoot him if people from the outside did not come for him. He wished "that he could be shot, and have done with it," and that I should then manage to take his wife to her children. His breakdown affected his wife, who until then had been brave.

They were sure that if I pressed the consul hard enough the two could be got out of Spain, or at the least that the consul might take him into the consulate.

Knowing that the British consul could do nothing, without breaking neutrality, I consulted the Committee of Public Safety and got an absolute guarantee for the safety of Tomas so long as the Government held the town. But that did not soothe them, and the Señora besought me with tears to take her to the private house of the British consul that she might plead her own case.

We went there, and had a scene very painful to all of us. The Clissolds were most kind, but, of course, could do nothing. As we went away the Señora told me that she had heard of a case in which two young Spaniards had been taken off by giving a very large bribe. I was extremely opposed to such a plan as it is impossible to trust people to whom you pay in advance a large sum for an exploit in which they risk their own lives.

The lady was distracted and in the dusk we slunk by back ways to the house of an old Spaniard, through whom she hoped to get in touch with the possible agents.

I disliked the matter more when I saw the broken-down old aristocrat with whom, after much ringing and unlocking of doors, she had a long whispered talk. We went away. Fortunately nothing could be done that night, and in the dark after dinner, we had a long talk under the stars, during which I reminded her of the hopelessness of our contriving to draw the necessary large sums from the banks.

Next morning Doña Mercedes came downstairs sad, but resigned, and told me that she had resolved to put her trust in God. After coffee she went down to pass the morning with her husband. I went across to the hospital and got the red-flagged car to take me to the anarchist fastness on the outskirts of the town.

The driver came through the crowded courtyards with me, and in a few seconds I entered a room, furnished with rough deal tables rather like some of the emergency staff-rooms near the front in our own great War.

Three pretty girls were busy at typewriters, and my friends Roberto and Vicente were heavily engaged. But they welcomed me, and asked what was the trouble.

I explained that Don Tomas, after his long stay in prison, was nearly demented, and that in any case he was not a type to be of any use to anyone; that the Señora, whom they liked and respected, was terribly anxious about her five girls, in Portugal, in charge of the old grandmother, who required looking after herself; that I myself could do much more good to the cause of the Republic if I were in England, and that I was not going to leave unless I could take out my friends.

They were more than friendly; agreed with everything I had said, especially about the young girls, and my chance of helping their cause in England. It would be easy about the Señora, but Tomas was an awkward case which they would not do on their own responsibility, but would press on the next general meeting of the Federation, which would take place within a day or two.

To my joy, a few days afterwards they told me that they had got consent and it would be arranged when I told them the date of starting of the next war-boat for Gibraltar. They undertook, moreover, to see to the safety of my servants. But we had bad luck; two very serious and damaging air raids took place, and Vicente came across to me one evening to tell me that it was now impossible; his comrades would revoke their decision and would not connive at the escape to safety of one of their enemies.

A melancholy time followed. Full moon was at the end of September, and we had raids or alarms by night as well as by day. The Admiralty at Gibraltar wirelessed to the commander of the *Arrow* to say that a rebel warship had passed eastwards through the Straits and might be expected at Malaga about 9 a.m. to bombard the town.

The commander of the *Arrow* sent an urgent message to the consul, who by telephone, taxi and messenger, collected the eight or nine remaining British subjects, the French consul, one or two French subjects, a Swede, and two or three Americans at a house not far from me, with the intention of making a dash to the beach where the boats from the British ship might pick them up if the bombardment were serious.

As I was fairly near he did not propose to pick me up until the last moment. But after two hours waiting, another message of "All clear" reached him. Next day the *Arrow* took most of the remaining foreign subjects to Gibraltar.

The Government warships had left, we heard, for the north, rebel warships were near, and we were threatened from Seville with a bombardment from sea and air and an immediate final assault by land.

My two refugees were completely in a panic and urged me to leave them to their fate. But the new Civil Governor was willing to be obliging to the English, and possibly might not realise that Don Tomas was still technically a prisoner, as he was in a private room in what was now a military hospital, and the two armed guards who had always been with him had been withdrawn.

We arranged an appeal, supported by a letter from his physician stating that he required an operation which could be done only out of Spain. I added another letter, signing it as a Fellow of the Royal Society and as a former member of the staff of the London Hospital Medical School, adding, which I could do in complete good faith, that I was in alarm about his mental stability.

The British consul most kindly agreed to send them with a covering letter from himself, again provided that I should take them myself to the Civil Governor and do what I could to persuade him. Two days afterwards, the consul paid his first visit to my house since the rebellion broke out, giving us the splendid news that a permit had been given.

Two days afterwards a heavy blow came. General Franco was insisting that all adult Spaniards who had contrived to leave parts of Spain in Government possession should re-enter at once to join his side, and the Government, in view of that and of their knowledge that Spaniards whom they had allowed to leave almost invariably became violent and unscrupulous propagandists against them, issued an order prohibiting all adult Spaniards from being permitted to leave Spain under any pretext.

The Committee de Enlace issued a notice declaring that the Civil Governor had no right to issue any permits to leave Spain. The acting-consul informed me sorrowfully that he could no longer give the commander of the British ship the assurance that the papers of Don Tomas and Doña Mercedes were in order.

I had a long talk with the commander himself, who, when he heard the circumstances, was more than ready to agree if I could get any sort of permission from the consul. I went back to the consul and reminded him that he had always refused to recognise any authority but that of the Civil Governor, and that therefore he could not accept a cancellation of an order already given, by any outside body.

As it was a matter of life or death, he said that he would take the risk, but insisted that I should deliver my friends at the quay as he could not use his official status as a neutral to pass them through the town and the now closely guarded dock gates.

Fortunately there were two or three days before the *Ardent* was due to leave for Gibraltar, and time to work out a plan. Don Tomas and Doña Mercedes were well known by sight; to be arrested in the act of trying to escape might be fatal to them and certainly would be very tiresome for me. Tomas had already been in the habit of coming up to my house with two or three of the other patients.

I encouraged him to come alone once or twice, the patients readily agreeing to go into town to see their friends. I thought that the best plan would be to go down to the tram, always crowded, get out close to the dock gates and take a chance of slipping through, in the belief that the least furtive and most ordinary way is usually the safest.

But they wished to take some valises with them, which Doña Mercedes and I fetched from the reserved rooms in their mansion, an occurrence which aroused no comment, as we often went across to open these rooms.

I told the servants that next morning I was going to take Don Tomas and his wife to a place where I thought they would be safe, gave them wages in advance, and told them on no account to assemble in the morning as usual to see us off.

Early next morning the gardener's boy fetched a taxi which had the anarchist flag and halted it at the foot of my garden steps.

At the last moment Doña Mercedes suddenly ran back and came to hand me a large rosary, laden with gold coins and medals, saying that she could not be parted from it, and asking me to take it for her as it was strictly forbidden to remove gold from Spain, and the rosary was very valuable. There was no time to argue, and so I took it!

I bade the driver stop at the post office, which is on one side of a favourite promenade with trees, flowers and seats, reaching almost to the harbour gates. At the post office we got out and for the benefit of the driver we had a demonstrative farewell, with cries of, "Until Christmas." I got into the taxi and gave the order "To the port!"

According to instructions the Bolins crossed into the central avenue, where they joined the morning strollers and sat down on a public seat, probably for the first time in their lives. As I expected, I was stopped by the armed guards at the dock-gates, but I was English, and with hardly a glance at the luggage, the guards waved me on.

We drove to the Customs, where I deposited the bags and my hat and coat, paid the driver and, as a casual stroller, sauntered back towards the gates and, when the guards were engaged with a lorry, slipped out without being challenged.

I found my friends, very anxious, and still more anxious when we moved to a seat quite close to the harbour entrance from where they could see that the gates were kept shut, and each person who wished to enter was being closely interrogated.

But a chance came; the gates were again opened for a lorry and while the driver was disputing with the guards, our friend the Mexican consul came along, in charge of two obvious travellers. We joined his party. The guards looked suspicious, but the consul was well known and we three at least were not equipped for ocean travel.

In a few minutes we were in the Custom House, where the Mexican consul got the Bolins quickly through the formalities while I discreetly kept out of the way. They were hurried to the waiting boat, which set off with them at once to the safety of the *Ardent*. Then I went through the official ropes without any real difficulty although the gold rosary in my pocket made me uncomfortable.

There was nearly a twenty minutes' wait, until the boat came back for me and the commander. But soon I too was on board the *Ardent* on the way to Gibraltar.

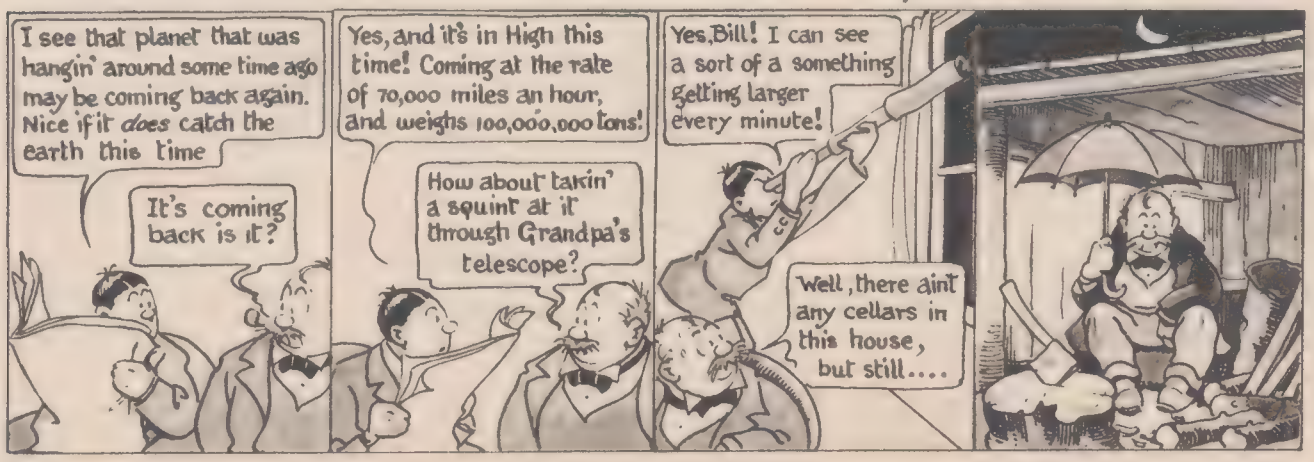
I was back in London early in October, and in an affectionate farewell the Bolins promised me to remember that they had been treated well by the people in Málaga and that they would say nothing but the many good things they could say with truth about their treatment.

But I fear that even a couple of days with other refugee Spaniards in Gibraltar had begun to pervert their memories. They both tried to insist that it was only to me they owed anything, and the suspicion was arising in their minds that I must be a very dangerous person; otherwise I could not have had influence enough with these evil people to save their lives.

NEXT WEEK

I return to meet the Italian Invaders

OLD BILL AND BERT by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



WINGS OF THE DRAGON

Continued from page 7

another. And he observed with pride that all he said was being written on to sheets of paper. Some qualms again beset him when he finished his story and was told that it was now too late for him to return to the city; he must stay here to-night, and in the morning they would let him go. And, perhaps, added Lieutenant Pan, he would be allowed to see the war birds. In a room where many soldiers lay on tiers of shelves, he, too, was given a narrow board to sleep on and though he had planned to lie awake all night, his eyes closed promptly.

Strange pictures drifted through his mind that night, but stranger things, of which he did not dream, were happening in the city, where a motor-car full of soldiers sped through darkened streets. It stopped near Lilin Alley and questions were asked about the blind woman and her son who lived there; it went on to an office building and cat-footed men filed through the empty corridors and studied many papers by the light of shaded lanterns. Not long afterwards, from a mansion in the wealthy western suburb, they dragged forth a long-faced man with a downward, gruesome smile; they caught the Frog as he tried to scramble over a garden wall.

And one said suavely, "Not I, but my brother, was trusted by the governor."

The other moaned, "Not I, but my brother, sold the secrets."

Then Lee Young was brought out with the pointed nails torn from his bleeding fingers and the brothers cried together, "It is he who has betrayed us."

For it did not occur to any of them that a nameless urchin from the streets could be concerned with their disaster, so they accused one another and groaned and pleaded by turns, but no one listened to them, or tried to fix the blame among them. In the first vacant field beyond the city, they were tumbled from the car; three guns spoke at once, and there was silence. Cho-yu slept on. He did not hear that gunfire; he did not stir when there was muffled excitement very close at hand,

and soldiers slipped from their places and ran out, carrying weapons; nor when they returned, smiling and whispering slyly.

It was daylight when he awoke. An orderly led him to a room where men sat eating and he was given rice-chuk and six inches of dried red sausage, the best he had ever tasted. Afterward they took him to Lieutenant Pan and the fat captain, who was unshaved this morning and bleary-eyed from lack of sleep.

"It has taken us all night," he said, "to swallow your story but now we have it pretty well digested." His stomach shook with laughter. "The only thing that remains is for you to remember to hold your tongue, if you wish to keep it in your head. Do you understand?"

"Without mistake," whispered Cho-yu.

Then he was walking toward the gates, accompanied by Lieutenant Pan, whose uniform seemed more beautifully clean and shining than ever and his smile more friendly. Cho-yu, he said, would soon be home again, with money enough to buy his dragon mask and put all the other boys in the street to shame. The lieutenant remembered when he was a boy at school, they used to have a dragon dance on Double Ten Day——

He described a marvellous dragon, with a huge, bobbing head and twenty feet of silver-and-scarlet tail; told how the beast had danced at night in the quad between the dormitories and had eaten all the fire-crackers the students threw down from their balconies.

But Cho-yu was not interested in ancient history. He interrupted boldly, "Last night it was told me that I should be allowed to see the war birds."

With a little start, Lieutenant Pan broke off his reminiscences of moonlit nights not very long ago in time, but very far from the realities which confronted him to-day. He looked down at the ragged, unwashed boy by his side.

"Without doubt you have earned a look at them, my friend."

Two planes had taxied from their hangars on to the wide, bare field. Cho-yu could not understand the feeling in his heart as he went close to them. They were beautiful and exciting and with their slim bodies and quivering wings it seemed to him that they must be alive.

"They are not unlike dragons, either," he said. "Dragons with wings."

"It is true," the lieutenant answered, in a sombre voice. "And our Dragon dances in different fashion nowadays, and requires stronger food than fire-crackers. They will find it out! Those others will find out."

He had drawn away from Cho-yu and was no longer casual and friendly. "Get on with you now," he said. "Take this and remember you are not to talk."

A coin spun through the air and Cho-yu caught it deftly, then turned and trotted toward the gates, where, as before, two soldiers stared at each other across their guns and yet saw everything. In spite of himself, his skin prickled as he went between them, for he did not feel sure one of them would not decide to pick him up on a bayonet like a fly on the end of a pin. Once safely outside, he looked back over his shoulder and there, high on the wall like an old cloth on a nail, hung a grey thumbless hand.

Cho-yu fled down the dusty road. He had reached the city pavement before his breath came evenly again and the furious pounding within his chest was eased. Presently he remembered the silver in his pocket and he stopped at a shop where paper masks and images were for sale. The dragon's head he chose was even finer than the one he had promised to bring home and a few minutes later he walked into the alley, carrying his trophy.

Ah-Lei was at the corner, pitching pennies with other boys and, from a window over the rice shop, Cho-yu heard a hushed, rippling giggle, which told him Brown Robin was there. This was his moment of triumph, but he found small zest in it. On the contrary, his heart was filled with bitter-sweet, inexplicable pain. He could give no name to his sorrow. Truly, he had been forbidden to tell of his adventures, but that did not matter, for no one would have believed him anyway. The aching turmoil within him came from a different source.

Yesterday he had belonged to childhood, but to-day he had begun to be a man. He did not know it yet. He did not understand that the horizon of his world had widened to make room for a hero and an ambition. He wanted wings. He wanted to be one of those who lifted themselves into the sky and carried the dragon's fire toward the enemy. Vaguely he saw a figure taller than he was now, and older; wearing, in place of ragged cotton clothes, a uniform with boots and belt of polished leather, and with silver wings on the tunic. Ah, how Brown Robin and the rest would laugh if they guessed this dream, even as they had laughed yesterday; yet here he stood with the dragon mask.

"Dare to deny that it is stolen!" cried Ah-Lei, whose face was puckered with envy. After a moment he added, "Perhaps, if you have not chosen anyone else to be the tail——"

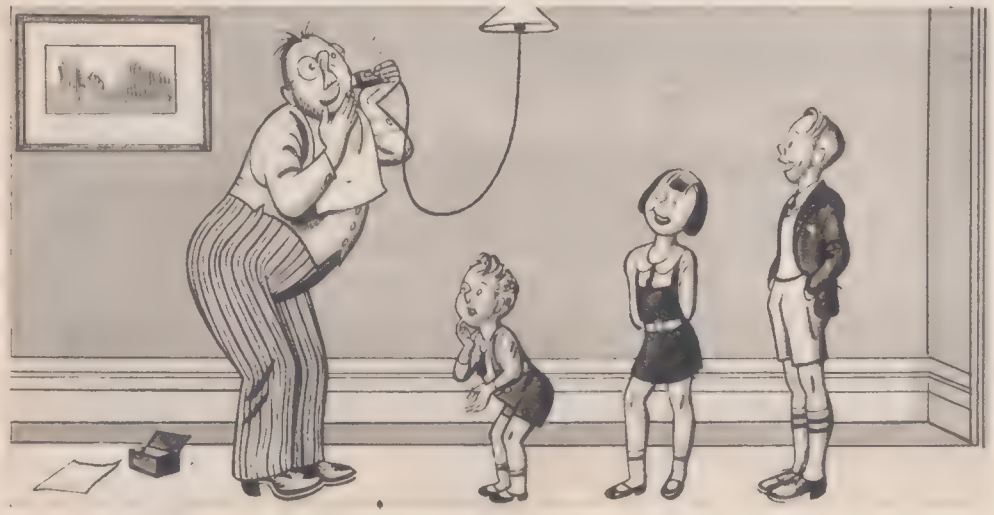
"Ho-ho," jeered Brown Robin. "To-day Ah-Lei is only too glad to play the lesser part, and doubtless Cho-yu will permit you, little one."

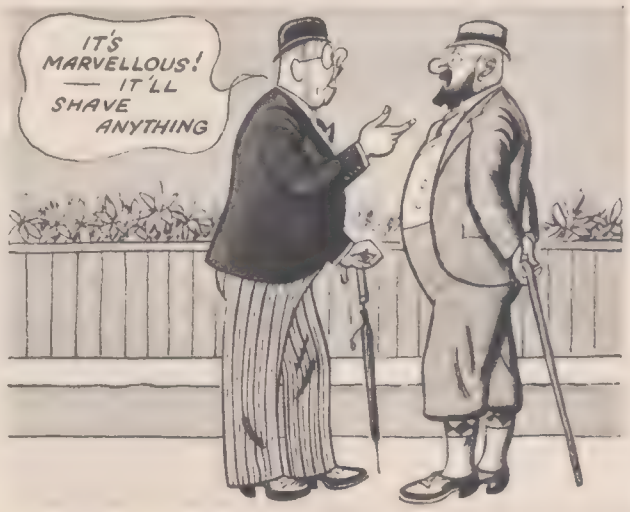
Cho-yu looked down at the dragon's head, but he did not see it. Instead, for the first time in his life, he saw that his hands were dirty. Suddenly he lifted the big mask and plumped it over the head and shoulders of his friend. "Take it," he said. "It is a toy for children and as for me, I have grown beyond such pastimes."

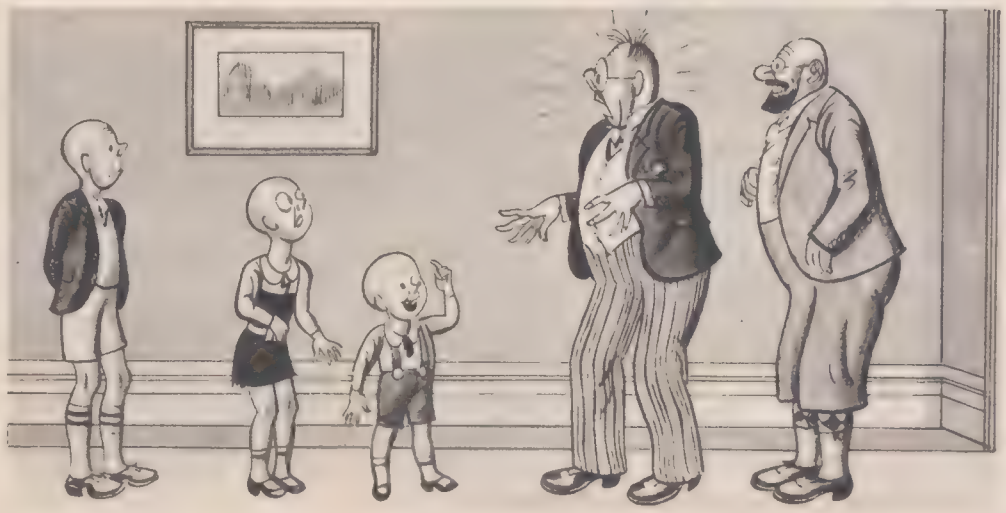
He turned from Ah-Lei's shrill amazement, and without even a glance at the window over the rice shop, went toward his mother's house to wash his face and hands. But Brown Robin's dark glance followed him, and Cho-yu strode on proudly, for he knew who watched him go.

A MAN AND A CROP

By A. C. BARRETT







"LALEEK" LONGLASH
grows lovely eyelashes

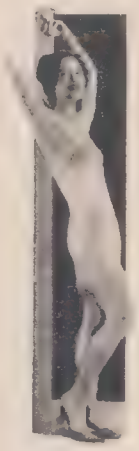
Says ADELAIDE GREY
the Bond St. Beauty Specialist

"Laleek" Longlash is a real eyelash grower—it darkens as it grows the lashes. Specially created by Adelaide Grey, it is medically approved and used by Royalty. Obtainable from all leading stores, chemists, hairdressers, Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, or direct.

LOOK FOR "LALEEK" ON THE LID
In dainty containers in 4 waterproof shades: Midnight Blue, Copper Beech, Raven Black, and Colourless.

ADELAIDE GREY 27 OLD BOND ST. LONDON, W.1

HOW I BECAME SLIM



The Sylph-Like Figure admired by all.

Grateful lady says :—
"I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 12st. to 8st. 7lb. My measurements were : Bust 42ins., Hips 42ins., and Waist 34ins. Now my measurements are : Bust 34ins., Hips 36ins., and Waist 25ins., so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference." SILF removes fat in Nature's way, puts right the cause of your body storing up that fat, stops the accumulation of fat and at the same time it removes all those warning health symptoms. **SILF is composed only of pure vegetable extracts,** and every woman can take this safe slimming remedy with the utmost confidence.
Silf Brand Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box (**you save money by purchasing the larger sizes**), or post free by sending the price to : THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 60R), 39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1. *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.*

STOMACH PAINS ARE WARNING SIGNALS

Never dismiss lightly a twinge of pain or a feeling of discomfort in the region of the stomach. Nature is trying to tell you that all is not well with you. If you do not heed her warning, you may have to pay very dearly for your neglect and delay. Nearly all stomach pains arise from acidity. Call it what you like —wind, gas, flatulence, distension; you can trace them to excess acid. The real danger is that neglect of an acid condition results in gastric and even duodenal ulcers and, as most people know, the surgeon's knife becomes a very real threat.

Sure and speedy relief can be obtained, even in long standing cases, by taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder after meals.

The quick and sure action of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is nothing short of marvellous. Get a bottle and see for yourself. Begin to enjoy your meals and your life right away ! When buying MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder see that you get the *genuine* article with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton. This signature is your guarantee of quick and lasting relief from stomach trouble. Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-; also in handy pocket tins at 9d.

For Stubborn Colds

Melt a spoonful of Vick brand Vapour-Rub in boiling water and inhale the steaming vapours for several minutes. This quickly clears the head of mucus, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, eases the breathing. At bedtime rub Vick on throat, chest, and back. Then it has a double action: (1) through the skin like a poultice and (2) the heat of your body releases the medicated vapours that you breathe in for hours while you sleep. By morning the worst of the cold is over.

VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

NEXT WEEK

FAR be it from us to try to define the formula for the perfect short story. For although we hear so much about the business it still seems easier to uncover the secrets of perpetual motion.

Those glassy-eyed contributors who drift in here as though they are going somewhere else to let us know that they are on the track of another plot (a real plot this time !) often end up by looking under the wrong door-mat or barking up the wrong tree. Their plots misfire.

And they wonder why the story is so thin. But there are a few canny souls among them who can see straight.

There is, for instance, Gilbert Horsler, former newspaper man, giving us not only the benefit of his whimsical plots, but also the rich background supplied by the business of making hats for women. He is exploiting a wonderful field of character study with true journalistic diligence.

After being educated at Queen Mary's Grammar School, Walsall, Gilbert Horsler joined the artillery and fought with the "guns" for the last three and a half years of the war, being gassed and wounded in the salient. He then took to journalism, writing stories and articles for newspapers and magazines all over the world.

Actually his first short story was accepted by Edgar Wallace, when that master writer of thrillers was fulfilling one of his many short periods as an editor. In the usual trials and sufferings that come from the search for plots and backgrounds, Gilbert Horsler turned to the hat-making industry.

His great-grandfather made hats, his grandfather made hats and his father made hats and even he knew a little about the business. So, at the end of a famous line, he writes about hats, providing us with colourful stories that come from generations of craftmanship and the knowledge of trade secrets.

And that probably explains the popularity of Benn and Son, the hatters of his creation with all their loveable employees and crafty colleagues. All of which you'll see for yourself when you read "In the Name of Publicity" next week.

Meanwhile Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell continues the story of his Málaga adventure, and, there are stories by Augustus Muir, who brings wee Hector back to our pages, Francis Foster and Louis Kaye.

YOU'RE TELLING US !

YOU'RE TELLING US ! Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed on this page. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss

OUR belief that the world is hurtling to a cloudier chaos than ever before is caused this week by an overcoat. If it were anywhere to be seen, we would look on it with melancholy eyes. A few yards of cloth, a handful of buttons, and a tuck in the back, it looms over us more dangerously than even the gracious little note from the income-tax man.

Our troubles started when "The Man" in A. C. Barrett's popular cartoon fell for a little boy pedalling a toy motor-car. "The Man," as you probably remember, was late for an appointment. And as he dashed around a corner he ran into the toy motor-car, sinking to the ground with all the grace of an experienced pedestrian,

Startled, even shaken, but unconquered, he collected his belongings, and hurried on to see the angry man on whom he was to call. And he apologised for being late by saying that he had been in a motoring accident,

Unfortunately for our peace of mind, he lost his overcoat between the time he was hit by the furious child and his restoration to the perpendicular.

At first we thought it was funny. Just a comic strip tease. And then people began to write to ask whether we knew that the old dear had been robbed of his overcoat.

"Please help me to decide whether the point of 'The Man' cartoon is his cupidity in deceiving the fellow on whom he was calling or his inability to look after his overcoat in moments of crisis," says Mr. St. John Wylie, of Shoeburyness, Essex, in such a way that we can't help thinking of the pot-bellied, watery-eyed old pedagogue who used to get so annoyed when we got the answers right without going to the trouble of working the durned sums out.

"You're mighty clever at getting out of things," says the wily Wylie with a horrid leer, "but you'll have to think pretty fast to find your way out of this little error. For

I am pretty sure 'The Man' was never intended to lose his overcoat so swiftly. I would be grateful for the truth about the whole thing."

Just the sort of thing old Beerface used to say : for two lumps of chalk and a drawing pin we'd bet you our new running pumps to a toffee apple that he's a birch-man in his spare time. Come on, now, Mr. Wylie, tell us !

We feel that Mrs. G. Philpott, of Charlton, Kent, is really troubled about the whole thing. "I would be so distressed if any of my family lost his overcoat in such a smash," she says, "that I am surprised you have not been more concerned with 'The Man's' loss.

"It was very clever of him to think of making his absurd misfortune an excuse for being late—probably the result of his wife's oversleeping—that you might have at least refused to complicate matters by allowing him to be robbed as well. What happened to his overcoat, by the way ?"

In the face of such motherly concern, we find it hard to tell a lie. So, instead, we'll turn to Mr.

George Milner, of Selby, Yorkshire, who firmly believes that the loss of his overcoat is just another sign that the world is not what it was since women were given the vote.

"I have considered the matter from every angle," he says, "I can decide only that you are losing your grip. It is the same everywhere I go. It is so sad for an old man looking back on a declining world that I do wish you would remember to let no sign of deterioration creep into your pages."

Actually, we are so deeply touched that before bursting into tears we must hurry on to Mr. J. W. Dyson, of Farnborough, Hants, who is at pains to tell us that, for a generation that wishes to establish a name for hustle and bustle, we contrive to spend an astonishing amount of time in queues waiting for stamps or tickets.

"I have been too busy pushing my way to the front of queues all my life to get down to finding just how much of my time has been spent this way," he says, "but I know you'll be shocked when I do get down to figuring it all out. Meanwhile, I think it would be more sensible if we dropped this hustling and bustling, and adopted national traits that fit in better with our hanging around in booking offices, in post offices, and outside theatres.

"We could learn to play guitars like Spanish peasants or sit under walls, crossed legged, after the manner of Mexican Indians, gazing at nothing."

Personally except when we go to see the income-tax man, or the bank manager, we refuse to line up even for the pleasure of seeing the Marx Brothers. You lose too many overcoats that way. You're telling us ?

For Your Amusement

CLUES ACROSS

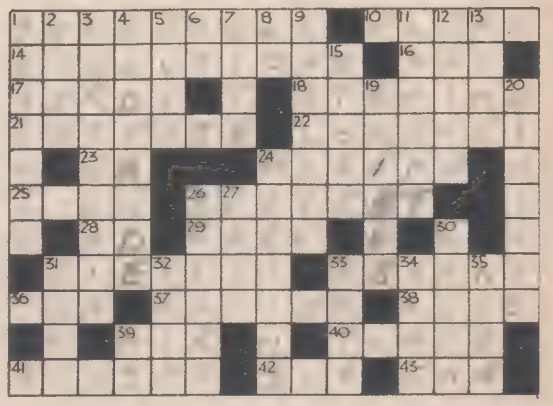
1. Pear bales (anagram).
10. Set or perhaps machinery.
14. Unfoldings or orderly movements.
16. Not now.
17. Diver here becomes musician.
18. Necessary for sustained effort.
21. Inflame with anger.
22. Lo I reel (anagram).
23. May express slight surprise or be curt request for repetition.
24. Sea reference here.
25. Futile to gild this.
26. Foremost for courage.
28. Chronological abbreviation.
29. Decidedly uncommon.
31. Expert in food values.
33. Trembling trees.
36. Take the weight from 40 across.
37. Slender weapon.
38. These for drinking.
39. Necessity of life.
40. Musical or artistic characters.
41. Holds, firmly no doubt.
42. Call for help.
43. Take printer's measure from 9 down.

CLUES DOWN

1. A city in Spain.
2. May signify equality.
3. Good quality earthenware.
4. Held a dye (anagram).
5. Wreck or overthrow.
6. Only half a seat.
7. This may be a mouthful.
8. Behold.
9. Place in bondage.
11. Cry of grief.
12. Very nimble.
13. Could scarcely be less.
15. Perhaps a warehouse.
19. Comes into view.
20. Without purpose.
24. Some burrow in the sand.
26. Beware thorns.
27. Scrape harshly.
30. Once there was one in Troy.
31. Movable fixture.
32. An excursion.
33. Skilled pursuits.
34. Possibly transparent.
35. A projection probably 24 across.
39. This opens 33 across.

SANGUINE GALES
TRAIN NARCOTICS
SOILED ELONGATE
MULLAH RAGE U
ASS SONGS DEAL
LE BYWAY TAINT
L A P B TENET
NECTAR POTATOES
E A T R I P A U BOA
S PEASANT N L R
STERNER SETTERS

Solution to last week's puzzle



P.S. GOLDEN CIRCLE 12-2-38

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A92

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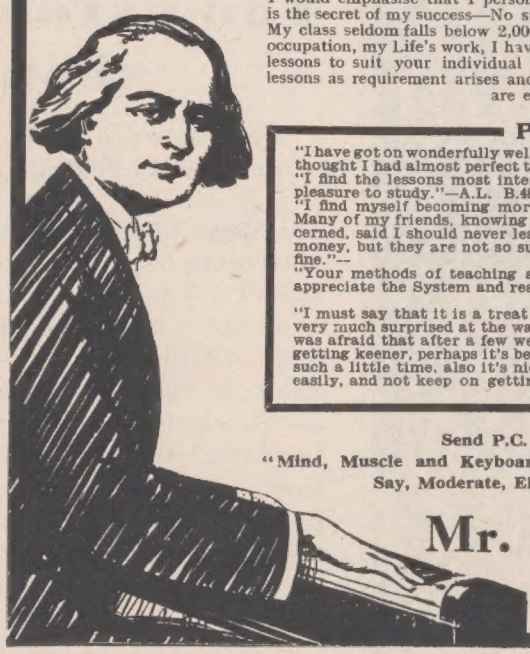

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"The Miracle of Life"

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Please reserve in my name a copy of "The Miracle of Life." I enclose with this form 3d. (Threepence) in stamps as Reservation Fee. This guarantees my Volume in my name. I understand that you will dispatch my Volume in a few days and that an Invoice will be sent me. I have indicated below the edition I require—Standard or De Luxe—and certify that I will remit the amount specified below WITHIN 7 DAYS OF RECEIPT OF VOLUME.

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"THE PASSING SHOW" 12/2/38

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